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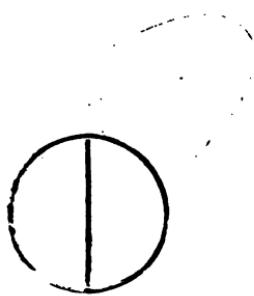
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Poems

BY

JAMES S. McCULLOCH







POEMS BY JAMES S. M'CULLOCH.

7

P O E M S

LOCAL, LYRIC, AND MISCELLANEOUS.

BY

JAMES S. M'CULLOCH.

~~~~~  
"The loves, the ways of simple swains." —BURNS.  
~~~~~

EDINBURGH :
JAMES GEMMELL, GEORGE IV. BRIDGE.

1885.

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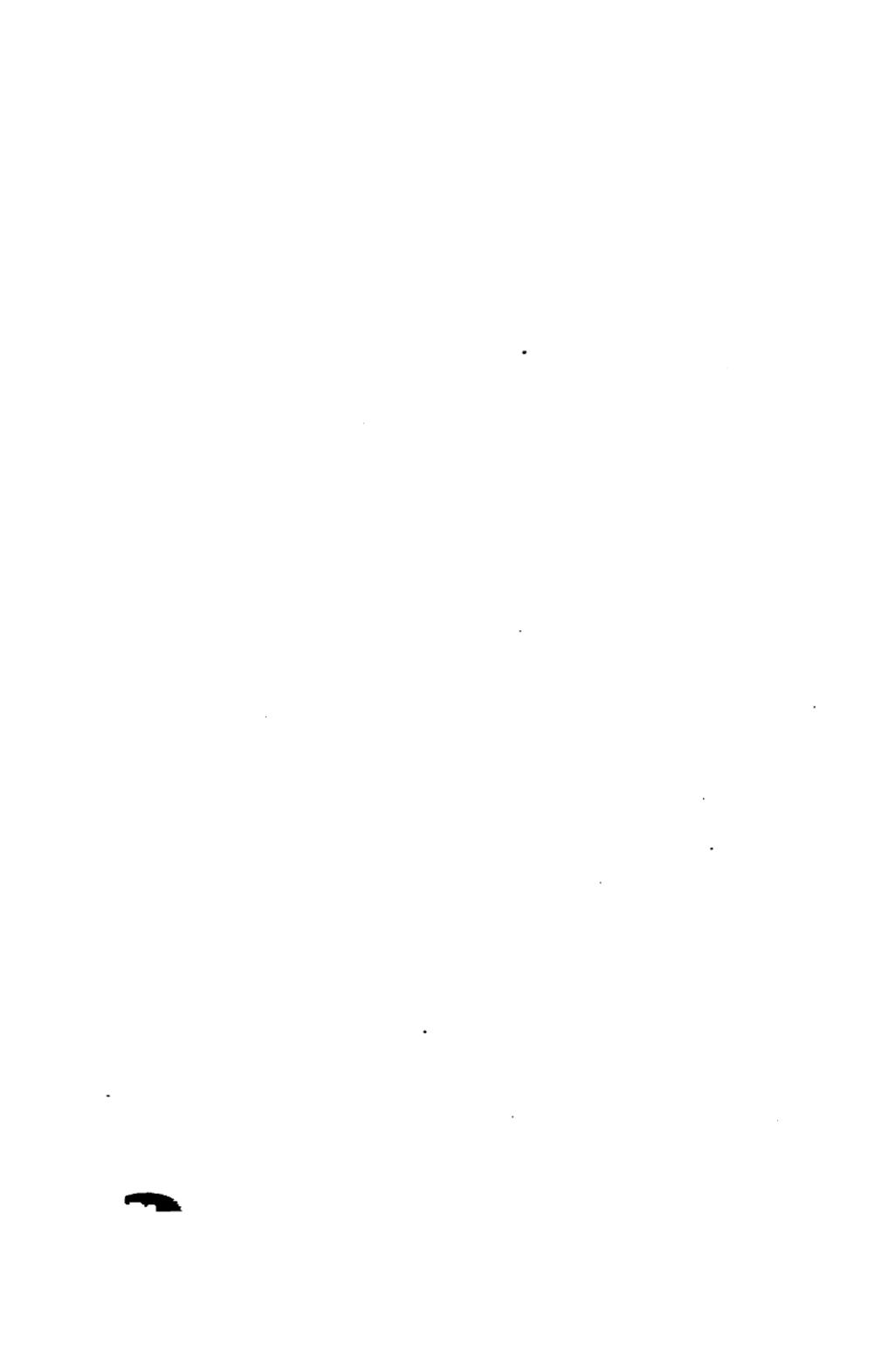
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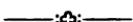
TO
CAPT. A. W. M. CLARK KENNEDY, F.R.G.S., ETC.
OF KNOCKGRAY,

Author of "Robert the Bruce," etc. etc.

To him whose tuneful high-aspiring muse
Invoked the fortunes of our Royal Bruce ;
In lofty strains who taught his harp to ring
With Scotland's sorrows, and her Hero King :
How freedom groan'd in Albyn's humbled land
Beneath a crafty tyrant's ruthless hand,
Bending her nerveless neck to vaunting power,
While fraud and carnage ruled the fatal hour ;
And how her patriot sons indignant rose
In martial phalanx 'gainst her haughty foes,
In grim array their serried ranks withstood,
And dyed the russet heath with Southron blood,
Or glorious fell, and, with their parting breath,
Shouted their slogan—"Victory or Death!"
How he, the Hero of a hundred songs—
The stern avenger of his country's wrongs—
Though baffled oft, yet, ever unsubdued,
With martial skill the varying war pursued,
Till laurel'd victory burst the entralling coil,
And smiling freedom blessed his native soil :
To him my muse her rustic tribute pays,
To him I dedicate my humble lays.



P R E F A C E.



N offering this small volume of verses to the public, it is not my intention either to court or to avoid criticism.

While it is not only rude but impolitic to arrogate merit by a wholesale defiance of popular opinion ; yet I consider it to be as spiritless as it seems incredible that an author should endeavour to shun, or to anticipate consequences, which, by his very act he deliberately sanctions.

In other words, I cannot understand why an author should “cry you mercy” in view of a decision which his own conclusions seem to invite.

The verses which follow are the product of leisure moments snatched from a life of laborious and not over congenial manual occupation.

They pretend to no measure of artistic polish, elaborate word-painting, or incisive poetic conception.

I have attempted to arrange my ideas on the level of simple unsophisticated human nature ; and to mould my language to the tastes and simple acquirements of the rustic population with whom I am in daily contact, and whose humble ways, and natural impulses I would fain be able adequately to reflect.

Further comment I leave to my “gentle reader.” If he (or she) find pleasure, or instruction, or amusement, in these pages, his be the profit, and ample satisfaction will remain with

His humble Servant

THE AUTHOR.

CARSPHAIRN, GALLOWAY,
June, 1885.

P O E M S
LOCAL, LYRIC, AND MISCELLANEOUS.





LOCAL POEMS.

KNOCKGRAY:

A PICTURE FOR A POEM.

IN pensive mood, how oft I musing stray
Within thy dreamy shades, dear old Knockgray !
By flowery nook, or stream, or heathy fell,
By sylvan glade, or scented birchen dell,
Or mansion grey, where, bower'd in stately planes,
It overlooks thy broad and fair domains,
Fit haunt of weird romance of ballad lore,
Or hoary legend of the days of yore.
Or should my fancy yearn for loftier flights,
With lithesome step I scale the giddy heights
Where lordly Cairnsmuir cleaves the bending cloud
In alpine majesty, erect and proud :
Or where the bold and rugged Craig uprears
Its lonely bulk, like prince amid his peers,

I view, my wonder powerless to restrain,
The gloomy spectre bar the widening plain.

Thence, what a glorious scene enchant's the view—
A fairer prospect pencil never drew.
On glowing canvas Nature richly prints
A grand display of soft and splendid tints :
Dark woodland, verdant mead, and rippling stream
Twinkling like diamond in the golden beam ;
The heathy moor, in modest russet dyed ;
The dancing rills that fleck the mountain side ;
The winding Deugh, slow murmuring, threads the vale
With lightsome purl, or weird and dirge-like wail,
Till frantic cascades check the placid waves
To plunge them wildly in their darksome caves.
Then, to the distance, westward cast the eye,
Where shaggy mountains verge the drooping sky.
Gigantic Merrick, with the drift cloud
Mantling his hoary crest with snowy shroud ;
Corserine, and Carlin's Cairn, and grim Milyea,
And all the neighbour peaks in like array :
With many a pathless gorge and wild ravine,
And mossy tarn, and glassy lake between,
Gleaming like crystal in the golden noon,
From dreary Dungeon to the classic Doon.
With mellow'd thoughts we leave the rugged west
For softer moods, and scenes of pensive rest ;
And view, with admiration and amaze,
The prospect sweet that bursts upon our gaze,

Where, to the south, the rifted hills display
The opening vista of fair Galloway.
We view the fair expanse with calm delight,
Bathed in the mellow Autumn's waning light,
That tints the upland vales with golden sheen,
And clothes in sober grey the distant scene.

The varied prospect grows upon the view,
Bright with the glow of Nature's every hue,—
Dark woodlands laced with mingling shades of green,
With ruddy heaths and fragrant glens between,
Fair undulating slopes, and broomy knowes,
Where flocks and herds in countless thousands browse ;
And golden cornfields bending to the breeze
Round feudal piles half-hid 'mong stately trees ;
And many a rustic cot and hamlet gay
Reflects the drooping sun's declining ray.

A sweeter rural picture, well I ween,
Was never limned in fair Arcadian scene.
Here Nature's glowing canvas charms the heart,
Unfettered by the frigid forms of art ;
Framed in a rugged fringe of mountains blue,
Whose stern contrasted peaks enhance the view.
Beneath our feet proud Cairnsmuir grandly swells ;
Westward repose the mighty Rhynns of Kells ;
Eastward, Ben Inner, Larg, and verdant Core,*
And heathy moors that fringe the infant Orr ;

* Corse Hill,—locally pronounced *Core*.

Dark Criffel, Screeel, and Cairnsmore close the scene
With distant Solway's gleaming tide between.

Her storied annals teem with richest store
Of weird romance and wild tradition'd lore,
Of doughty chiefs, in feudal pride bedight,
Haughty in peace, and terrible in fight.
Dark Douglas here maintain'd his regal sway,
Maclellan, Lochinvar, and Maxwell gay,
And many a baron bold, of lesser name,
Whose martial deeds engross the scroll of fame.
Deeds of dark rapine, lust, and tyranny,
Unblest ambition, fraud and treachery,
Lawless intrigue, and wild fanatic rage,
Stain the wild records of the bygone age ;
Relieved at times by gleams of nobler light,
When patriot heroes strove for freedom's right,
With Bruce and Wallace bore the conquering spear,
And stay'd oppression in her wild career ;
Or when her desert caves were the abode
Of heroes brave for conscience, truth, and God ;
Who fire and sword with noble zeal withstood,
And seal'd their Covenants with a Martyr's blood.
Oh, for a Bard to sing with equal strains
The slumbering idylls of my native plains !
Whose numbers wild could thrill responsive chords
With weird traditions Galloway affords ;
Or from her pages cull historic lore
Of Kings and Heroes of the days of yore ;

Or sweeter still, to sweep the echoing lyre
With passions lit at love's all-conquering fire :
Then would the winding Deugh and crystal Ken,
Dwell on the lips and warm the hearts of men ;
And stately Dee, and Fleet, and dusky Orr,
And all the streams that fringe the Solway shore,
Would range with Ettrick, or the tuneful Tweed,
Or classic rills that string the Attic reed.
Then would her towering hills and heathy fells,
Her verdant holms, and lakes, and flowery dells,
Bloom with a fresher lustre on the eye,
And clothe her swains with new-born dignity.

Our strainéd eyes with joy again survey
The hills, and glens, and tower of fair Knockgray,
Inspiring scenes to weave in poet's lay,
Or for the pencil deftly to pourtray.
And, as we gaze, we turn our memory
To trace the deeds of warlike Kennedy ;
Of him whose stalwart arm, in glorious hour,
Seized the grim ensign of a tyrant's power ;*
Of him of dauntless heart, and gen'rous hand,
Who died by dark Egypta's burning strand.*
What though no vaunting foe could boast his fall,
He died in honour's arms, at duty's call.
With joy we traced the rising of his fame,
And memory enshrines his honoured name.

* Sir Alexander and Colonel Clark Kennedy, grandfather and father of the present proprietor.

Or we might tell of him who fills their place—
The gifted scion of a noble race—
Whose pregnant Muse in graphic verse pourtrays
The manners and the deeds of other days;
Or pours her numbers in a softer key,
When nature's charms inspire the melody.
It boots us ill such lofty flights to sing,
Whose trembling Muse scarce deigns to touch the string:
Enough if in our simple lines we see
The half-formed skeleton of what *might be*.
Oh, would some worthier Bard the harp command
To ring responsive to his master hand,
In fitting garb to clothe some nobler lay—
An honour to himself and Galloway—
A living garland of immortal song,
To bloom while time the circling years prolong.



THE ODDFELLOW'S BALL.

YE haile an' onlie trve accoont o' ye Oddefellow's Banquhete
an' Balle, quhilk dyd tak plaisir in ye Chaumer o' ye Inne quhilk
is ca'd ye Greenheide ; lykwyse in ye skylroome atte ye burros
toune o' Karsferne ; on ye nyghte o' ye threttie daye o' Dec^{vbr},
yeire o' Gude aughteen hunner an' aughtie-ane.

ALSO AN' FORBYE,

Ye compleat staitment o' a' an' sundrie quha suld hae beene
yere, an' quhat suld hae ta'en plaisir yere ; lykwyse quhilk anes
dyd behave yeirsels, an' quhilk anes wer wyted sic lyk as mychte
weel thole ane saire rebouke.

HUMBLIE DEDICATED

UNTO YE RYCHTE WORSHIPFULLE COMMITTEE,

Quha dyd sae wylie ower-luke ye said gran' enterteinemente,

BY

*ANE QUHA SUMTYMES LUKES ANE INCHE
ATTOURE YE TAP O' HYS NOSE.*

OH heard ye o' the glorious spree,

Was held at the New-year, man,

Aboon them a' it bore the gree,

For fun an' hearty cheer, man.

The Oddfellows o' ilka clan,

Stepp'd bauldly forrit in the van,

Their freens an' neibors, man to man,

In raws ahint them took their stan',

In bonds fraternal, han' in han',

Each swore to do his due, man ;

If ance the fun

Were weel begun,

He'd dance till a' was blue, man.

Then fast they flashed the summons roun',
Loud-echoin' far an' wide, man,
To hall an' hovel, cot an' toun,
Ower a' the kintra-side, man.
The Murdochhs heard the stirring soun'
Sweep ower the waves o' "Bonnie Doon,"
Then buckled on their spats an' shoon,
An' frae the knaggs their plaids flang doun,
As brisk an' bauld the billies boun'
To seek for souple joes, man.
Ah, hapless men !
Ye little ken
The wecht o' future woes, man.

The General cam wi' doughty stride,
An' Stewart wan'er'd roun', man ;
Montgomery brave, frae Cullenoch syde,
Strode bauldly for the toun, man.
But up the Deugh they werna game,
An' raither chose to bide at hame ;
Though Willie doun the Water came,
A douce excuse he sey'd to frame,
An' held aloof in bashfu' shame,
I trow his heart was fain, man ;
While Gibbie bauld,
Though growin' auld,
Yet brisk an' yauld
As e'er shook spauld,
Cam marchin' doon the Lane, man.

Drumness cam steppin' ower the brae,
Wi' stieve an' siccar gait, man ;
An' young Greenheid, sae brisk an' gay,
Preen'd on his badge o' state, man ;
But doon the Water by Dalry,
Or maids were skeigh, or lads were shy,
Or Fortune's flood-tide had gane by,
Or canty Yule had drain'd it dry,
Or—what it was I carena by,
But feint a ane wad steer, man.
Deil be their speed,
We dinna need
Sic cauldrife cobbles here, man.

But a Robin sang in Johnny's ear,
"The Clachan winna come, man."
"Cheer up," he cried, "my brethren dear,
An' never fash your thoom, man.
I'll raise the cauntry far an' near,
We'll hae a rantin' nicht, ne'er fear,
By a' the gods, I vow an' swear,
We'll haud a hearty guid New Year
The Chaumer binks wi' guidly cheer,
Neist Friday 't een shall graen, man ;
We'll lythely spring,
An' blythely sing,
For a' that's come and gane, man."

Then forward fast the summons hied
 Ower a' the westlan' vale, man ;
 Where "Bonnie Doon's" sweet classic tide
 Winds cannie doon the dale, man.
 It warned M'Gill an' Laidlaw fell,
 An' a' the bucks o' auld Dame Nell.
 Stoot Gibson cantered up the dell,
 The fun an' mischief bent to swell ;
 An' mettlesome M'Dowal himsel :
 Wicht heroes ilka ane, man.
 Will Boniface
 The fray did grace,
 Though sweer to venture in, man.

The heralds sped ower muir an' dale
 Wi' swank an' couple sten, man,
 Cries, "Haste ye, birkies, dinna fail,
 An certes yet we'll fen, man."
 They're pourin' in frae far an' wide,
 Ane here, ane there, on every side,
 As billows chase the lan'ward tide.
 Believe we'll see, wi' mickle pride,
 Hoo nymphs an' swains sae feately glide
 Terps'corean fame to earn, man,
 As heel an' toe
 Skip to an' fro,
 They'll 'stonish auld Carsphairn, man.

But the summons swells the westlan' gale
Far doon the sylvan Ken, man,
An' buirdly blades, the pick an' wale,
 March briskly up the glen, man.
Macqueen has heard the stirring strain,
An' left the Caus'a, fidgin' fain,
Wi' headlong Martin in his train ;
Barskeoch's courage winna hain,
Though a' his ready zeal was vain
 The Clachan cuifs to gain, man ;
 He'll loup, an' fling,
 An' shout, an' sing,
An' dance wi' micht an' main, man.

Still " wild and high " the gatherin' word
Sped echoing ower the plain, man.
" Arise ! arise ! to hall an' board ! "
 Peal'd forth wi' clarion strain, man.
Afar doon Deugh's sequestered vale
The Hunters heard the grand *reveille*,
" Onward," Greenheid, noo, dinna fail
To min' the textword o' your tale.
Wee Tammie, snell as Januar hail,
 First come, an' last to lea, man ;
 While " Innocent,"
 I wad a cent,
Brims ower wi' fun an' glee, man.

Burnfoot has donned his coortin' coat
 An' daun'ered up the brae, man ;
 An' Borgue, his mangled limb forgot,
 Burns eident for the fray, man ;
 The J—ie—n's lay fast the coil
 O' treason, stratagem, an' spoil ;
 The Lamloch heroes leave their toil
 To share the brunt o' battle broil ;
 An' Garry's captain rins like oil
 In haste to join the van, man ;
 While Sib an' Clark,
 Baith men o' mark,
 Amang them take their stan' man.

Our grocer gay, wi' beamin' smile,
 Comes, keen on frolic bent, man,
 His "studied, sly, ensnaring" wile
 Fair maidens a' tak tent, man.
 They tell me Rab's a vera deil,
 A ranty, canty, kittle chiel ;
 But weel I wat I wuss him weel,
 An' raither wad his faults conceal ;
 I trow his heart is blythe an' leal
 At either fray or feast, man.
 Last Tailor Tam
 Amang them cam,
 The last, but no the least, man.

Noo dark December's deid-mirk shroud
Steals saftly ower the lift, man ;
Wee starnies jouk ahint the cloud,
Or wink oot through a rift, man.
The win' had sough'd itsel to sleep,
The restless rain forgat to dreep,
Earth seemed a holiday to keep,
As, stealthy whisperin', softly creep
Frae cottar's door, frae burgher's keep,
Cleek'd pair an' pair, I ween, man,
A trusty swain,
A maiden fain,
A' rankin' up the "Green," man.

Noo loodly peals the dinner bell,
Wi' stomach-stirring soun', man ;
An' gaudy columns quickly swell,
Swith to the "Chaumer" boun', man.
The stewards rin, wi' ae accord,
To range the birkies roun' the board ;
A gauey table, by my word,
Wi' toothsome dainties richly stored.
They taigled na, but onward pour'd,
Till ilk ane got a place, man ;
Then heads they hang,
Wi' faces lang,
Till some ane say the grace, man.

Waes me ! unhallow'd graceless crew !
 The feint a grace they spak, man ;
 But each at ance his whittle drew,
 An' rush'd to the attack, man.
 On ilka side arose the cry,
 " Fa' to ! " " Pree this ! " " Gie this a try ! "
 " Come, come, my lassie, be na shy,
 For, I'll be free to testify,
 That lang as mornin' licht is nigh
 Your temperance you'll rue, man.
 If ye be wise,
 Tak my advice,
 An' min' the main thing noo, man."

An' still, as fast the weapons plied,
 Sae fast the board was clear'd, man ;
 An' roun' an' roun', on every side,
 The solids disappeared, man.
 Till, sated appetites allay'd,
 Each hero doon his weapon laid.
 The stains that dimm'd the sheeny blade
 His gastronomic feats displayed.
 At length the hinmost, lang delayed,
 His fouléd gab did dicht, man.
 Though sair, alake,
 Did stomachs ache,
 I trow their hearts were licht, man.

Then some ane whispered Paulen's ear,
" Ye see they a' hae dune, man,
Peal forth the charge withouten fear,
An' let the fray begin, man."
Noo patience, sirs, haud on a wee,
He's twistin', screwin', ane, twa, three,
His thirds an' fifths to proper key.
Belive in strains o' tunefu' glee,
Shall E, an' A, an' D, an' G,
True pealing chords resound, man ;
Then set an' wheel,
Strathspey an' reel,
Let mirth an' din abound, man.

Wi' that up sprang the G. M. C.,
Wi's marshal's staff in han', man,
Glanced roun' the ring wi' wary ee,
Then hurried up his ban', man.
Then noise an' tumult rose amain,
Till roof an' rafters rang again,
As fast up sprang ilk stalwart swain,
An' to his am'rous breist did strain
A yielding armfu', coy, yet fain,
Wi' laithfu' blush an' frown, man ;
But mark her een,
Their blinks, I ween,
The subtle secret own, man.

Then a brisk recruit cam up the street,
 An' keekit ben the door man,
 Says, "Birkies, Paulen's ta'en his seat,
 Swith, haste ye, tak the floor, man."
 In line *two deep* they noo repair
 Through close an' causey, street an' square,
 In stealthy silence, pair by pair;
 Nae shout nor skirl, scarce word was there,
 But whispers saft an' conscious air,
 Saftlins to hale the boun', man;
 Then dress their ranks,
 An' ply their shanks,
 T' the "Flowers o' Embro' Toun," man.

The van was led by young M'Gill,
 Like whittle keen an' gleg, man;
 He was ane yauld an' souple chiel
 As ever lifted leg, man.
 Behind him ranged the glittering line
 Where youdith smiles, where beauties shine,
 Saft dimpled cheeks an' roguish eyne,
 Shafts forged an' aim'd wi' fell design,
 Where love's artilleries divine
 Wi' dread an' dire intent, man,
 'Gainst hapless men
 Their terrors ben',
 On heart destruction bent, man.

Still wild disorder throve apace,
An' fast an' furious grew, man,
Till sweat distill'd frae ilka face
Like beads o' mountain dew, man.
What pen can paint, what tongue can tell,
The tug an' jostle, seethe an' swell,
The multitudinous roar—pell-mell,
The shout, the oath, the whoop, the yell,
As ilk ane strove to bear the bell
For rude unlicenced din, man.
Grim chaos smiled,
Confusion wild
Raged rampant oot an' in, man.

But the maister waved his truncheon bricht,
His voice rang through the ha', man,
"We hae na had a sang the nicht,
Sae, silence, ane an' a', man."
M'Culloch tunes his harp ance mair;
M'Dowal, wi' caper, rant, an' stare,
Gars laughter shake the tickled air;
Then Martin mourns his defunct fair;
An' Maggie contributes her share
Wi' bashfu' modest grace, man.
Then lood applause
Maist heaves the wa's
Wild circling through space, man.

Again the wild Plutonian roar
 Wi' freshening vigour grew, man,
 As spirits frae the nether shore
 Were haudin' grand review, man.
 They set an' cross, pousette an' wheel,
 Through polka, jig, strathspey an' reel ;
 They shout an' thump, an' prance an' squeel,
 Wad frichten maist the very deil ;
 But haith they're aiblins just as weel
 To haud *him* oot the gate, man ;
 An' faith, I'se lay
 He's fain to stay,
 Gif he be oughtlins blate, man.

Hush ! hark ! what soons o' wrathfu' strife
 Disturb the stilly nicht, man.
 Thae fearfu' aiths, like gleamin' knife,
 Wad nervous mortals fricht, man.
 Behold, in Johnny's hostel hall,
 Dame Helen chiefs, in fierce cabal,
 Vent curses deep, an' bitter's gall.
 May fell mischances, great an' small,
 An' nameless evil hap befall
 Their frail an' faithless joes, man.
 Some sleekit chiels
 The maidens steal
 Frae neath their very nose, man.

Puir L—dl—w's heart, sair searched and torn
Wi' jealous fury burn'd, man.
Though laith, nae doubt, to wear the horn,
Yet blae despair he spurn'd, man.
Resistless as the mountain rill
Dash'd fiercely doon its parent hill,
Sly Dickon press'd his vantage still,
An' plied the siege wi' wily skill.
The yielding fair, wi' wavering will,
An' maiden coyness sweet, man,
Noo, fond an' fain,
Is a' his ain,
An' victory's complete, man.

“Wheel the wild dance!” let joy abound!
The mune's ahint the cloud, man.
The *dead* are walking overground,
Or sleep without the shroud, man.
Afar through Willie's lonely yaird,
Where licht-heel'd ghosts stan' nichtly gaird,
What sacriligious steps has dared
To press the frosty virgin swaird?
Aha! 'tis D—k, wi' M—g—ie B—d
Wha *dual solus* roams, man,
In solemn state
To meditate,
Like Hervey, 'mang the tombs, man.

Dame Helen lads wi' keen dismay
Beheld their comrade's grief, man.
They swore the insult to repay,
And flew to his relief, man.
M'Gill has bared his brawny arm,
An' sturdy chiels aroon' him swarm,
Whose doughy hearts ken nae alarm ;
A' venting threats, lood, deep, an' warm,
O' dire revenge an' balefu' harm,
An' fury, fire, an' sword, man.
Yon caitiff loons !
They'd crack their croons
Wha'd daur to say a word, man.

But hush'd at length the wild discord
Sinks, lost in harmless glee, man.
The fiery champions sheath the sword,
An' plunge in the melee, man.
An' roun' they sped in mazy ring,
As planets, plying airy wing,
In twaefauld motion wheel an' swing ;
Cry "Come, we'll show the boys a spring,
Come, Rab, play up the Hielan' fling,
M'Dowal's game an' teugh, man ;
An' weel I ween
He'll fit it clean,—
He'll learn the lads o' Deugh, man."

M'Lellan scann'd the threaten'd *spring*
Wi' calm, unruffled brow, man ;
But tichter braced his quivering string,
An' grasped his trusty bow, man.
Noo, "Grey Daylicht" peals true an' keen ;
Then, gracious Heaven ! what a scene !
Sic thumpin', twistin', sprawlin', seen,
As ne'er was kent afore, I ween,
Sin' first Carsphairn was ca'd the "Green,"
Or dancing cam' in vogue, man.
The latest style,
Brent new frae Kyle,
O' shufflin' the brogue, man.

Again the roar o' battle rings,
An' droons the bugle call, man ;
An' front an' centre, rear and wings,
In martial order fall, man.
But soon the serried lines debout
In helter-skelter straggling rout,
The tuneless rabble whoop an' shout,
An' twine an' wriggle in an' out,
Wi' tireless lungs an' sinews stout,
They wrastle through the fray, man.
Wi' limbs unmaim'd,
Wi' hearts inflamed,
They winna brook delay, man.

As still apart the *hapless pair*
 Sat dowie and forlorn, man,
 A wee bird whistled i' the air,
 " My chappies, 'ware the horn, man."
 " Up *frae* the grun' they sprang, an' gazed,"
 By turns distracted an' amazed,
 Dumbfounded, stultified an' dazed,
 " Where's D—— an' B—— ?" the cry was raised,
 " Where's M—— an' B—— ?" the answer blazed,
 An' echo answered " Where," man.
 Then roun' the ring
 A glance they fling,
 But feint a' ane was there, man.

The twain Menelaus' fumed an' sighed,
 But found it wadna work, man,
 Sae bottled up their wounded pride,
 An' clinkéd ben the cork, man.
 " Wheel the wild dance ! an' what for no ?
 What need for whinging, dool, an' woe ?
 We'll just e'en let the limmers go ;
 Or a' be dune they're like to know
 Gif they or we hae maist ado
 For this nicht's sport to pay, man.
 Some mornin' will
 Bring in a bill
 That winna be said nay, man.

The maister waved his han' on high,
The signal for retreat, man ;
Says, "Gallants, mornin' licht is nigh,
It's time to tak the gate, man.
My brave Committee, true an' leal,
Thanks to your skill an' trusty zeal,
We've a' enjoyed oorsels fu' weel.
Let trumpets flourish, peal on peal,
Ae partin' note, *en grande reveille*,
An' syne we'll toddle hame, man ;
In gallant trim,
Fu' to the brim
Wi' whisky, love, an' fame, man."

But still, attour the weel-trod ring
Some mutinous squadrons wheel, man,
An' swear they'll hae ae partin' spring
Despite the very deil, man.
The maister spak, "I yield again,
But mind, my hearties, *only ane*.
Strike up a blythsome canty strain,
On to the charge wi' micht and main,
Shout till the echoes ring again,
An' shake the tremblin' air, man,
Till muscles wrack,
An' shinnans crack,
An' men can do nae mair, man."

Dame Helen lads slip on the coat,
 Fu' tired they pech an' sweat, man,
 Then, cloaks an' ulsters quickly got,
 Show symptoms o' retreat, man.
 When up again bauld Jamsie sprang,
 An' licht an' airy skipp'd alang
 To Paulen's most melodious twang,
 Then glanced aroun' the glittering thrang,
 An' at the feet his hankie flang—
 O ! beauty's queen, nae doubt, man ;
 On bended knees
 Her mou he prees,
 Wi' chaste an' pure salute, man.

But the spunk o' fun, wi' fitfu' blaze,
 Aye faint an' fainter grew, man,
 As through the cushion's labrynth maze,
 The wearied couples flew, man.
 As roun' they sped in sinuous track,
 The trumpet's skirl lood echoed back,
 I'lk lang-protracted stoundin' smack,
 That soonded like a pistol's crack.
 An' haith, I trow they werna slack
 To claim their lawfu' dues, man.
 The slaverin' dune,
 They noo begin
 To mak their last adieus, man.

The revellers muster on the morn ;
Their aching limbs are sair, man.
Though some, nae doubt, had pree'd the horn,
Maist feck were *on the square*, man.
A partin' verse o' "Auld Langsyne"
In towering chorus, sweet an' fine ;
Saft sips o' nectar, warm, divine,
To a' wha micht that way incline ;
Brocht to an en' the bravest *shine*
That ever cam to pass, man.
Then each gaed hame
The way he came,
Firm buckled to his lass, man.

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Dame Helen maids (excuse my zeal),
Beware the flatterer's voice, man ;
For charm the charmer e'er sae weel,
You're apt to rue your choice, man.
But a' ye lovely maids, wha bide
Where bonnie Deugh's sweet murmurin' tide
Steals saftly doon the mountain side,
Your couthie hearts, your virtues tried,
Your conscious smile o' virgin pride,
An' blush o' guileless shame, man,
Will crown my lays
Wi' conquerin' bays,
Brave laurel-wreaths o' fame, man.

GREENLAW,
PAST AND PRESENT.

WHERE stately Dee, through shady woods
Majestic rolls his teeming floods,
Where Threave's proud ramparts stoutly brave
The rush of the incessant wave ;
I often view, with conscious pride,
The silent, placid, gleaming tide,
Whose massive currents, broad and deep,
With many a graceful winding sweep
By rustic grange, and cottage trim,
By stately tower, and fortress grim,
That nestle in the leafy shade
Of hazel copse, or forest glade.

Oh for a wizard's pen, to draw
A picture meet of fair Greenlaw !
In fitting strains to tune my lay,
In fitting garb the charms display,
Of varied scenes of pure delight
As ever gladden'd poet's sight.

At stilly eve, how sweet to tread
By fair Culvennan's flowery mead.
A mellow stillness folds the scene ;
And deeper shades of sombre green
Softens the glowing tints that play'd
On sparkling stream and forest glade,

That, late resplendent in the sun,
Smiled to the kiss of ardent noon.
The purple sunlight blinks and pales,
And, slow-retreating, leaves the vales,
To flood the distant upland height
With dreamy tints of amber light,
That faintly flush with level ray
From embers of expiring day.
A dreamy cadence charms the ear,
Like music from a higher sphere.
The heavy hum of wearied bee,
The mingling gush of drowsy Dee,
The guileless milkmaid's echoed song,
The murmur of the warbling throng
In faint response from dewy grove,
The chosen shrine of tender love.

Amid such scenes, at such an hour,
The pensive muse asserts her power;
And visions, weird and mystic, rise,
And tales of buried centuries.

Here, in the saintly days of yore,
An abbey raised its turrets hoar,
Where ghostly Culdees lived retired,
Who strove, by holy zeal inspired,
In humble guise, by word and deed,
To teach, and *live*, their simple creed.
A retrospective glance we cast,
And Fancy revels in the past.

Again we view the olden scene,
And ponder on what may have been.
Within these sacred aisles we tread
Perchance Saint Columb bent his head,
In meek devotion at the shrine
Of Him who bore his sins and mine.
Or Cuthbert from the holy isle,
Or Ninian from Whithorn's pile,
Perchance in sacred conclave sate
With mitred priests in grave debate.
Priest, Abbot, Bishop, all are gone,
Entomb'd in blank oblivion.
The vandal ploughshare's ruthless blade
Uptears the cloister's hallow'd shade ;
The very stones, 'tis said, were sent
To grace Threave's haughty battlement ;
And now remains nor name, nor trace,
To mark the sacred edifice ;
All vanished, like each shaveling *frere*
Who pray'd, and sinn'd, and perished here.
Ev'n hoar traditions scarce retain
Some vague memorials of the fane,
Which stolid peasants scarce regard,
In Monks Muir Mill and Abbey-yard.

We leave the long-forgotten pile,
To seek the Druids' Holy Isle ;
But all in vain our fond resolve,
Its antique history to solve.

Nor grove remains, nor circle gray,
As witness of the bygone day
When horrid rites, in holy guise,
And dark and loathsome mysteries,
Barr'd the wild superstition's claim
To fair Religion's spotless name.

But more congenial scenes are near,
Imagination shudders here.

Though less remote, yet ancient still,
We visit next a ruin'd pile ;
And in its ashes recognise
Old Greenlaw's crumbled fortalice.

When Gordon ruled the vales of Dee,
In feudal pomp and dignity,—
A hardy strain,—renowned in war,
The race of gallant Lochinvar,—
He held this strong and stately tower,
The heart and centre of his power.
Oh for a touch of elfin power,
To rear anew this vanished tower,—
Its bulwarks, fosse, and massive walls,
Its dungeon-vaults, and oaken halls,
With frowning boars' heads carved in state
Above the grim portcullis gate.
Here dwelt, in the good days of old,
A race uncultured, firm and bold ;
Of stalwart arms, and stern of will ;
With wild retainers, ruder still ;

Entrenched they dwelt, secure and free,
By ramparts, moats, and rushing Dee ;
To live in strife, in war to die,
The sum of all their history ;
Ambition framed their being's plan,
Force formed their "standard of the man."
Such were the good old days of yore,
Dear to romance and ballad lore.

With tireless footsteps time glides on,—
Fort, fane, and temple, all are gone ;
And serf, and priest, and mailed knight,
And Border feud, and holy rite,
Like morning dream, evanished fast,
Have blended with the silent past.
Now on fair Greenlaw's verdant plains
No relic of those days remains,
Save where vague legend lifts the veil,
Uncertain as a fairy tale.

Though human works of skill and toil,
To time's relentless touch a spoil,
Perish, nor leave one trace or sign
To testify his high design ;
Unwearied Nature never stinted,
With magic pen each year she prints
Her fresh and glowing hues again,
On hill and glen, on grove and plain.

Old Greenlaw's vales are fairer now,
Smiling in summer's genial glow,

When nature joins with careful art
To fill the eye and charm the heart.
To patient labour proud she yields
The garner'd treasures of her fields,
And peace and plenty flourish now,
Where reign'd confusion years ago.
Artistic beauty, richly chaste,
Bespeaks the eye of cultured taste ;
And field and forest, stream and glade,
Blend in harmonious light and shade.
The cottage bower'd in roses sweet ;
The farmer's homestead, trim and neat ;
The spacious park, and gardens fair
That glow with beauties rich and rare ;
The noble seat, 'mid lordly trees,
That braved the blast of centuries ;
Unfold a scene of sweet delight,—
A landscape peerless to the sight :
A scene to gladden painter's eye,
Or wake ethereal minstrelsy.

By stately Dee there still remains
As bold a race of stalwart swains,
As when in listed field they strove
For honour's prize, or lady's love.
And fair, and chaste, and gentle maids
Still linger in her rural shades,
As ever charmed the raptured hour
In greenwood, loan, or ladies' bower ;

Or fired the lover's partial lays,
Or minstrel's harp in olden days.

Though all inadequate my lay,
Its varied beauties to display,
My muse, reluctant, must withdraw,
And bid farewell to sweet Greenlaw,
Loath to forsake a fertile theme,
As e'er enriched the poet's dream.

A NEW APRIL IDYLL.

IN the pleasant month of April—
In the moon when Madame Nature,
Rising from her woes obstetric,
From her period of cubation,
Straightway dons her gay apparel,
And appears in all her beauty,
Clothed in all her flowery spangles.

This the season when the oak-tree,
When the larch-tree and the hazel,
When the ash, the elm, the poplar,
All the giants of the forest;
When the mountains and the meadows
Don their livery of verdure.

This the season when the songbirds,
From the brakes, the heaths, the hedges,

Lift on high their tuneful members—
Mellow tones of love and longing ;
When the laverock, the skylark,—
Herald of the fair Aurora,—
When the blackbird and the mavis,
When the wren, and Spyug, the sparrow,
When the cushat, the wood-pigeon,
Whispering through the twilight breezes,
Billing, cooing, in the sunshine,
Tell each other all their heartaches,
Tell their tales of love and longing.
'Tis the creatures' way of wooing,
'Tis their method of love-making,
'Tis the system Nature teaches.

This the season when the lapwing,
When our friends, the whaup and plover,
When the grouse, the snipe, the partridge,—
All the screamers of the moorlands,—
Tell their tales of love and longing ;
Speak, each in his proper language,
Of the woe his heart consumeth :
Whooping, screaming, chattering, chirping,
Till the echoes of the mountains
Shudder with the yells discordant.
Tis the creatures' way of wooing,
Tis their method of love-making,
Tis the system nature teaches.

Thus the air is all impregnate

With the odour of affection,
With the sweet and fervent incense
Rising fragrant from the altar,
In the heart's *sanctum sanctorum*.

As the hot wind of the desert,—
Called by men the fierce Sirocco,
Or Simoom of Great Sahara,—
Sweeping o'er the parchéd sand-wastes,
With its fever'd breath inhaling
All their pestilential vapours ;
Bearing northward, still, and northward,
Breathing forth the fell miasma
Over fair and fertile regions,
Turning Eden to a desert :
So the placid air of April,
Tainted with the breath of thousands,
With the hot blast of their passions,
With the tempest of affection,
With the sighs of their affliction
Swelling, heaving, like the billows
Of illimitable ocean,
Straightway breeds an epidemic,
Till we scarce can live for loving,
Scarce can live for lack of loving.
Happy he who 'scapes infection.

•
In the pleasant month of April,
On the holy day, the Sunday—



On the afternoon of Sunday,
After dinner-hour of Christians,
Sauntered forth young Robin Bobin,
Robin Bobin, the musician ;
He, the chief of all the cadgers ;
He, the idol of the ladies ;
Yes, the wily maiden-charmer ;
Robin Bobin, he and Starcho,
All their sporting gear in order,
All their stores of war munitions,
Batteries of siege artillery,
Primed and ready all for action.

Very pleasant was the evening,
Balmy was the air about them,
Flustered by the am'rous west-wind ;
Soft and blue the sky above them
As the eyes of my beloved.
All the hill-tops bathed in sunlight,
All the meadows golden-tinted,
Tinted with the mellow sunshine ;
Sang the skylark in the ether,
Sang the linnet in the bushes ;
Nature all was fill'd with gladness,
Fill'd with beauty, love, and gladness.
But they heeded not the sunshine,
Wist not of the scene of beauty,
Reck'd not of the joy around them ;
For their thoughts were of the maidens

For their hearts were warm within them.

Sing we now of youth and beauty—
Of the fair and faithful maidens,
Of the beauties of the village,
Called of old the “Green,” or “Kirktonn.”
Sing we of the lovely maidens,
Wandering in the ardent sunshine,
Watching, waiting for the young men;
And their hearts did beat with pleasure,
Fluttering in their guileless bosoms,
Fluttering like a twig of aspen;
For their hearts were pure and taintless,—
Pure as lily of the valley,
Taintless as the virgin snowdrift—
Or, at least, we hope it was so,
Yes, at heart, we hope it was so.

Sing we of the peerless maiden,
Mergit Gallovidiana,
By the youths called “Little Pearl,”
(Such the name’s interpretation).
She the sister of the merchant,
Of the merchant, Jan Galwegus,
Of the sly and prudent grocer.
Dark the maiden was and comely,
Tall and graceful as the pine-tree;
And her form was proud and stately,
Very queenly and majestic;
And her eyes were like the eagle’s,

Dark, and rolling, and enticing,
Very scornful and enticing,
Saying in their proper language,
“ Come and woo me, if you dare to.”
(To the wise a word sufficeth.)
And her waving tresses fluttered
Sable as the raven’s plumage;
For she did not love the *can-can*,
Could not *thole* to shear her tresses.

Such the lovely “ Little Pearl ; ”
And she loved young Robin Bobin,
She adored the sweet musician,
Worshippéd the Chief of Cadgers.
Question if his heart did tremble
With a mutual devotion.
Still, we hope, we trust it did so,
Yes, at heart, we hope it did so.

Sing we of the stranger maiden
From the valleys of the Northland,
From the land of Duff and Frazer,
From the country of the Gordons,
From the land of Whiskey Frisky,
From the regions of Glenlivet :
And her name, this stranger maiden,
Her the Bard, the son of Külach,
Quondam christened “ Highland Mary.”
Comely was the Highland maiden,
Dark and slim in form and feature,

Lithe and sprightly in her motions
 As the roe upon the mountains :
 Laughing, singing all the day long
 With a pretty Highland accent.
 (For her Shibboleth betrayed her,
 Her *fats*, her *fas*, her *fys*, her *ferfores*,
 And the young men laughed and mocked her.)

Such the fair young Highland stranger.
 All her charms I fain would paint 'em,
 But "description's not my *forte*."

So the young men sauntered onward.
 So the maidens watched and waited,
 "Rapt in maiden meditation ;"
 Pausing oft and eager gazing
 Backward o'er the dexter shoulder :
 Passed at length the forked roadway ;
 Passed the ridges and the valley,—
 "Ailie's Howe" the people call it ;
 Passed the iron bridge by the forest ;
 ('Tis the "Bridge of Sighs," I take it,
 They, at least, did sigh in passing) ;
 Passed the well-spring by the wayside
 Passed the hamlet by the river.

Thence came forth the Bards to view them
 Jan Mack and the son of Külach ;
 Gazed with eyes that glowed and sparkled
 With a greedy admiration ;



And their hearts were hot within them
With a fervid luscious longing.

But the maidens never marked them,
Never turned the head nor saw them,
Heeded not the gloating glances,
Wist not of the ardent longing.

But the sun glides westward, westward,
Sinking in the glowing sunset,
In his bed of crimson glory.
But he leaves a train attendant
Clad in radiance supernal,
Green, and blue, and golden spangles,
Kindled at the dying embers ;
Glowing in the rich reflection,
Faint and fainter to the eastward,
Till it meets the sober twilight.

Backward, then, the maidens turning,
Homeward they retraced their footsteps.

Then came forth the Bards to greet them
(For they saw them in the distance),
Came forth to the door to greet them,
Laughing, chaffing, spake in this wise—
“ Gentle maidens, ye behold us,
Errant knights who seek adventure ;
Ever ready, able, willing,
Damsels in distress to succour,
Lo ! we will not suffer dangers,
Dragons, devils, cads, nor cadgers,

To molest you, or annoy you,
Or in any wise to harm you.
But should any foe assail ye
To his countenance we dare him,
Hurl, in our hot displeasure,
Hurl the gage of our defiance,
And our lance's point shall quiver,
Quiver, anywhere you want it.
Will ye go with us, fair maidens,
Under this our high protection,
Say, sweet maidens, shall it be so?"

Mockingly said "Highland Mary,"
In her pretty Arctic accent,
"We will nae gang lonely with you,
We will nae do fat you want us:
We will gang the straight way homeward."
Mockingly she spoke in this wise,
Turned upon her heel and left them.
But fair Gallovidiana
Did not deign a word in answer,
But with haughty look and gesture,
Turned her shoulder very haughty,
Very scornful glanced upon them,
Tossed her head and did not answer.
But her frowns, her shrugs, her loathing,
All her gestures, and grimaces,
Bore a symbol, sign, or meaning,
Which may freely be translated,

And, translated, speak in this wise :
“ Ye are but the Bards, the singers,
Jan Mack and the son of Külach,
Ye are not the men we wanted,
Ye are not the sweet musician,
Nor his friend the valiant Starcho.”

When the Bards, the singers, heard them,
When they heard their scornful speeches,
Marked the meaning of their silence ;
Much astonished were the young men
At their high-faluting manner :
Wondering and much admiring
At their continent demeanour,
At their wonderful preciseness.

Then the Bard, the son of Külach,
Very thoughtful spake in this wise :
“ There is something in this wildness,
Something past my comprehension.
Let us watch these modest vestals.
Let us now ascend this hilltop,
And behold them from the summit,
From behind the rocky rampart
We will see, ourselves unnoticed.”

Straightway then the hill ascending,—
Short but steep the rugged pathway,—
They beheld—oh, shade of Calvin !
“ Tell it not in Gath,” I pray thee !
Tell not Peter, our Apostle !

Is not this the Scottish Sabbath ?
Woe ! thrice woe and lamentation !
Write it down upon the doorway,
Write upon the holy portals
“ Ichabod ”—Thy days are numbered,
All thy glory is departed.
“ Heavens ! ” cried the son of Külach,
“ Rise, oh Mack ! rise and behold them !
See our modest vestals skipping,
Running, leaping through the meadows,
'Mong the buttercups and daisies ;
Frisking like the am'rous filly ;
Bounding like the roe, rejoicing,
When she sees her mate approaching,
Eager for his warm embraces,
They as eager, yet reluctant.”

Hearken, oh ye foolish virgins !
Listen to my words of wisdom,
Listen to my earnest councils,
Listen to my gentle warnings,
Lest a worse thing should befall ye !

Did ye think, ye foolish maidens,
To avoid the heedful glances
Of those censors on the hilltop,
Self-appointed for your safety,
Watchful there like guardian angels,
In the garments of Nemesis ?
I tell you nay, it may not be so.

All is vain, ye foolish vestals,
Vain your wandering from the highway,
Vain your shyness and your slyness,
Vain your haste and hurry-scurry,
O'er the daisy-studded meadows,
O'er the pretty budding vi'lets.
Lo ! behind that rocky rampart,
Jan Mack bursts his sides with laughter,
Almost rends his jaws asunder ;
While the wary son of Külach,
Notes your every look and motion ;
And his brain is seething, swelling,
Swelling with *divine afflatus*,
With the weight of the ideas,
Rising from his thoughts within him ;
Lo ! his soul beholds the visions,
Floating palpably before him,
In the vast poetic vista ;
And his finger tips are itching.
Tickled with the itch *scribendi*,
The *cacoethes scribendi*.

Nay, my maidens, I advise ye,—
Ponder well my words of wisdom,—
When ye walk abroad, I pray ye
Go not forth again on Sunday,
In the awful Month of April,
In the moon of the love fever.
Or, at least, if ye will venture,

Let your footsteps seek the highway,
Walking sober and discreately.

Pardon me, oh, gentle reader,
Pardon me this long digression,
I will now resume my story,
Will continue my narration,
All its features, facts, and phases,
Fully, feasably, and freely ;
Leaving Fancy's facile fingers
To unfold the feints of fiction.
(Pity 'tis such lines were wasted
With such d——d aliteration).
Truth is truth and doth not need it.

Here we find them where we left them,
There our fond and ardent vestals,
Ranging rampant o'er the meadows,
In a headlong wild stampedo ;
And the Bards, the wicked singers,
Crouching by the rocky rampart,
Laughing at the scene before them.
" Down your head, Jan Mack ! " cried Külach,
Lapsing into Classic language,
Classic language of the gutter,
From St. Giles' mobile precincts ;
But we will not here repeat it,
No, we will not quote verbatim.
" Down your head, Jan Mack, *mon ami*,
Do not let the jades behold you.

Let us now descend and view them
From another point of vantage,—
Let us see, ourselves unnoticed."

Downward sped Jan Mack with swiftness,
Downward rushed the Son of Külach,
Wondering still, and much admiring,
Till they reached the plain beneath them,
Reached the valley by the river,
And, reclining by the wayside,
Found the hist'ry of the myst'ry—
The solution of the riddle ;
For they found young Robin Bobin,
And his friend, the valiant Starcho.

All the how, the why, the wherefore,
All the haste and hurry-scurry,
All the wonderful preciseness,
All the shyness and the slyness—
All are clear, and plain, and patent
To the dullest comprehension.
Let one line explain the matter—
Cupid—Starcho—Robin Bobin.

• • • •
Should you ask me why this story,
Why this long and dull narration,
What the reason of its being,
The ideal protoplasm,—
Why the labour of conception,
Why the toil of birth and rearing,

Till it standeth here before us
Clothed and in its proper senses.

I should answer, I should tell you,
'Twas to pass some idle moments,
Just to while away their tedium—
Of their ennui beguile them ;
And dispel some dreamy humours ;
And dislodge some pungent acids,
Lingering like yeasty vapours
In a state of crude corrosion
In my cerebellic regions.
Yes, for reasons hygienic.
Mental, moral and material,
Was this labour undertaken.

• • • • •
Should you ask me of this story,
Of its import and its purport,
Of its sequence and its sequel,
What can be the end and purpose
Of this rude, crude, clumsy fable,
Ill-conceived and ill-digested,
Ill-applied and ill-connected,
Wild, discursive, and digressive.

I should answer, I should tell you,
It is nothing, oh, my brothers !
Nothing, absolutely nothing
Save a cock and bull transaction.
That is all its sum and substance

Still—it is the truth for all that,
Certes, it is very gospel ;
It is truth, and—human nature.

"Twas, I think, some one called Euclid,—
Or some other "Pagan Ebrew,"—
He, a curious man of figures :
Said this Euclid, " Out of nothing
Nothing cometh, nothing over."

• • • • •
Oh ! may all the foolish notions
Of our maidens, of our young men ;
Their adventures in the gloaming,
Their Sunday afternoon excursions ;
May they all be like our story,
Like it in their sum and substance,—
Nothing, absolutely nothing.
And, oh ! may their end and sequence,
Like the sequel of our story,
Both in quotient and remainder,
Close with nothing—nothing over !



2



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SING ME THE SANGS O' SCOTLAND.

Sing me the sangs o' Scotland !
The brave auld sangs o' Scotland !
Sae wildly ringing, stern, an' bauld, while crouching
tyrants cower.
The sangs that tell o' Wallace wicht,
O' Bruce an' a' the heroes bricht,
Wha nobly strave for freemen's richts in Freedom's
mirkest hour.

Sing me the sangs o' Scotland !
The hamely lays o' Scotland !
O' craggy steep, or dreamy tarn, or shaggy forest grey
O' strath an' muir, where beauty dwells
Bedraped wi' ruddy heatherbells,
Where Nature's richest charms are sown on mountain,
glen, an' brae.

Sing me the sangs o' Scotland !
 The lyric lilts o' Scotland !
 Wi' heartfelt truth in ilka line, where luv breathes
 warm an' leal,
 The saftly-echoed passion'd strains
 O' artless maids an' tender swains,
 Frae hearts that dare the blush o' shame, an' carena to
 conceal.

Sing me the sangs o' Scotland !
 The glorious sangs o' Scotland !
 The noble gush o' simple hearts in rhymes unstrained
 by art.
 Sweet fondlings o' our happiest hours,
 Thae wilding wreaths o' fadeless flowers
 Entwine wi' ilka thread o' life, an' centre in the heart.

Oh sing to me o' Scotland !
 Auld, hamely mither Scotland—
 The land where love an' friendship reign, an' freedom
 claims her birth.
 Frae cottars hearth, frae lordly ha',
 Ring oot the chorus, ane an' a',
 'Scotland ! her forests, hills, an' dales, the dearest spot
 on earth."



THE GALLOWAY FLAIL.

IN auld times we read o' a weapon o' war,
Whase fame an' whase terrors were blazed near an' far ;
Nae ane came in reach o't got aff *but* a scaur,
An' they hecht it the Galloway Flail.

In the fore-front o' battle it ever was found,
While scores o' its victims lay writhing around,
An' the vera air trembled an' sougded at the sound
O' the death-dealing Galloway Flail.

Oor Covenant Fathers gat haud o' the Flail.
At the ire o' M'Michael his enemies quail ;
When through turncoats an' troopers, heid, helmet, an'
mail,
Crashed the terrible Galloway Flail.

In auld ballads I read hoo ane lang Geordie Grier
In the heart e'en o' Douglas bred terror an' fear ;
Nae weapon had Geordie, targe, claymore, or speat,
But an airn-soupled Galloway Flail.

By lonely Craig Nildar, in fair Galloway,
The Gordon met Douglas in battle array,
An' Grier led the van in the terrible fray,
Wi' his wide-circling Galloway Flail.

Till sundown they fought, an' the Douglas fled,
 An' the fierce rugged Dee was near choked wi' the dead;
 While, watshod wi' gore, Geordie high ower his heid
 Swung the red-reeking Galloway Flail.

Now, thank God, for us better days are in store,
 An' the iron han' o' war rives auld Scotland no more ;
 But we've left amid auld antiquarian lore
 The won'erfu' Galloway Flail.

Yet haud up your heid, my auld province sae dear,
 You've men yet, true, loyal, an' strangers to fear,
 For gude an' for richt wha will gallantly rear
 A nobler Galloway Flail.

Let them look to their arms, keep them burnished an'
 bright ;
 Let their shield be high Heaven, their breastplate be
 Right,
 Let their banner be "Truth," let their watchword be
 "Light,"
 Let the pen be their Galloway Flail.

In the might of thy Murray,* O, Galloway wake !
 And the kingdoms of darkness and error shall shake ;
 Then tyrants may tremble, and nations may quake,
 At the voice of your Galloway Flail.

* Dr. Alexander Murray, the celebrated Oriental Linguist.

THE SKYLARK.

Awake and away!
When the morning grey
Smiles fresh on the brairding lea,
With the pearly dew
On the violet blue;
To the hills, to the hills hie we!
In bush and brake,
By stream and lake,
Slumbers the warbling throng;
While a pæan clear,
On the raptured ear,
Comes the skylark's matin song.
Mounting so merrily,
Ever so cheerily
Trembles the quivering lay;
Ere on the breast
Of the purple East,
Sparkles the Lord of Day.

Where is the art
Can fill the heart
Like this wonder minstrelsy?
Nor pipe, nor string,
But a living thing,—
Incarnate melody.

With spreading wings,
 As he soars and sings,
 Spurning the dewy sod,
 Till he floats along
 In a flood of song,
 Play'd by the finger of God.
 Mounting so merrily,
 Ever so cheerily
 Trills th' aspiring lay ;
 Lost in the shroud
 Of the gossamer cloud,
 Singing the live-long day.

From his humble nest,
 On the dewy breast
 Of fallow or verdant lawn,
 He darts above,
 On wings of love,
 To welcome the golden dawn.
 No laggard he.
 Right fervently,
 His orisons to raise,
 He wings elate,
 To heaven's gate,
 With a morning gift of praise.
 Mounting so merrily,
 Ever so cheerily



Soaring, singing away,
Pouring abroad
Through the parting cloud
His joyous roundelay.

HAUD UP YOUR HEID.

Gae clatter to coofs, ye base couple-soul'd loons,
Wha dread, waur than your Maker's, a potentate's
frowns ;
Gae, " boo to the bus' ye get beild frae," wha can,
But haud up your heid's my advice to a *man*.
Haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !
As lang's ye've a claught o' life's critical thread,
Even Fortune may grant ye a smile in your need,
Sae haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !

See yon paughty wee lairdie, his heart bursts wi'
pride,
Wi' his sycophant servile lickdusts by his side,
Wha sneevel an' boo at a wave o' his han',
Puir deevils ! that cower at the sicht o' a man.
Oh ! it stifles ane's breath, an' it freezes ane's heart,
To see leevin' men act sae feckless a pairt,
As barter their manhood for morsels o' breid,—
Haud up your heid, man, oh haud up your heid !

When Justice weighs man in his balance supreme,
 Here wit, there a purse, on ilk en' o' the beam ;
 The sumph wi' his gowd licht as goss'mer will soar,
 While the brains an' the *man* will dump doon on the
 floor.

There's some flaw, I doubt, in the state o' a lan',
 When rank, pooer, an' siller can constitute man ;
 When "Gather the cash" is the hail o' his creed.
 Yet haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !

Though ye canna coont kin wi' thae big-bellied folks,
 Wi' a seat i' the "Lords," or wi' funds i' the "Stocks ;"
 Yet let candour an' worth guide sic like as ye hae,
 An' ye boast a nobility higher than they.
 Ne'er ettle (though puirtith's a burden to bear)
 That routh o' this warld gives freedom frae care,
 A heart leal an' stainless is life's highest meed ;
 Then haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !

Let stoot independence ilk action direct,
 An', doonricht an' upright, compel men's respect.
 Though humble your heart, your first duty's comman',
 Tak care lest servility pop in his han'.
 Ne'er flinch a wrang row o' Fortune's daft ba',
 The neist turn may lift ye as far's ye did fa'—
 Ne'er cuittle for favours, but raither, instead,
 Haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid.

Your failin's an' faults (for aft they'll peep through),
Let nae fause-faced hypocrisy hide them frae view ;
In the Great Buik aboon they'll be clear as the licht ;
Mak your ain heart your judge, an' aye strive to do
richt.

What boots mock repentance, vain penance to bear ?
What boots false humility, cloak to your fear ?
When there's ane wha the hearts inmost promptin's
can read.

Better haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid.

In life's weary warfare, though stern the array
That adverse confront you an' burn for the fray,
No tremor shall daunt thee, unvanquished thy might,
If steadfast in duty, and valiant for right :
No blush shall confound, howe'er lowly thy place,
If manly in spirit as manlike in face ;
If earnest an' eident, the end never dread.
Haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !

Haud up your heid, man, haud up your heid !
As lang's ye've a claught o' life's critical thread,
A conscience, approvin', will smile on the deed.
Haud up your heid, man, oh, haud up your heid !

A RIFT O' THE BLUE.

Ay, life is an unco fecht, my boy,
An' the warl' is stern and dour;
An' dim in the mazy licht, my boy,
Hides the glorious sun attour.
Sae we've seen on a dark and drawky day,
Yet, ere nicht his mirk curtain drew,
We hae seen ower the crest o' some mountain grey,
A bit tiny rift o' the blue.

Though Fortune be thrawart an' cross, my boy,
As sturdy tak ye up your stan';
He canna be sair at the loss, my boy,
Wha is eident wi' heart an' han'.
Ye'll hae mony fell crosses in playin' your pairt;
Yet at last ye will waur them, I trow,
Gin Truth be the magnet to turn aye your heart
To its lodestar—a rift o' the blue.

Care an' sorrow fu' often may grip, my boy,
But why should ane e'er despond?
Though frail be our creaking ship, my boy,
There's a glorious hope beyond.
Though grim disease, wi' ghastly pall,
Your shrinking life pursue;
There's your healing star, there's life for all,
In yon widening rift o' blue.

The ways o' the warld are queer, my boy,
Full mony wiles they hae,
To mak the wrang road appear, my boy,
The very road we should gae;
An' we grope like blin' men, puzzled quite,
An' kenna what we can do;
But, aiblins "at eventide comes light,"
Ev'n a meagre rift o' the blue.

It's a glorious thing this hope, my boy,
To lift us frae the mire,
An' heeze oor souls aye up, my boy,
To the acme o' a' desire.
In the mirk mirk hour, when dull despair
Veils life's bricht side frae view,
A ray o' hope the mists may clear
Frae some far aff rift o' the blue.

Ah ! life, at the langest, is short, my boy,
Fu' o' care at its vera best,
Wi' trials an' troubles ilk sort, my boy,
But nae sic a thing as rest.
Oh, hoo sweet will that Rest hereafter be,
If we only be leal an' true,
Wi' the viewless realms o' Immensity,
For oor wee, wee rift o' blue !

GENTLE STREAM.

(A REMINISCENCE.)

To visit childhood's treasured haunts again,
In manhood's breast awakes a slumb'ring fire :
Thus, to recall a loved, heart-hallow'd scene,
A nameless muse attunes a virgin lyre.

Gentle stream, to childhood's fancy dear,
Thy wanton wavelets ripple still the same ;
Thy tiny flood as uncorrupted, clear,
As when a child I first could lisp thy name.

Thou vocal mentor, if thou canst, unfold
What tiny troubles wrack'd my infant breast,
That, with thy stream, to blank oblivion roll'd,
When thy soft murmurs lull'd my own to rest.

Each pool, each eddy, and each smooth-worn stone
That marks the centre of a curling wave,
Have each their tale, a hist'ry of their own,
That mem'ry's page will bear to mem'ry's grave.

The singing linn, that scarce in summer's heat
Could wash the sparkling pebbles at its base,
Recalls, to manhood's sterner feelings, sweet
And softening memories of happier days.

Oh, reminiscence ! pleasing task, to treat
Of happy childhood, innocent and pure,
'Mid guileless pleasures, unalloy'd as sweet :
 Oh, would to God such moments could endure :

But winged childhood passes, oh, how fast !
 And manhood opes a sterner, harsher door.
Still thou canst lift the curtain of the past,
 And flood my heart with joy, with bliss of yore.

Once more, thou powerful but unconscious comforter,
 My parting tears thy mingling waters swell :
Farewell, dear stream, farewell thy banks so fair.
 Dream of my youth thou'rt vanished too—farewell.

FRAE HAME.

Oh, but I'm weary, weary,
 An' my heart is unco sair,
An' a big tear draps ower my paling cheek,
 For I canna hide it mair.

I dream o' the lan' I left behin',
 An' the fond an' dear anes there ;
An' forms an' scenes o' the sunny past,
 Rise roun' me everywhere.

Fond memory touches my longing heart,
And waves his wizard-wand,
An' I tread ance mair thy cherished heath,
My loved—my Fatherland.

I see the great wild rugged cliffs,
That girdle thy surf-beat shore ;
The sunny braes, an' the flowery glens,
An' the pale blue hills attour.

I gaze an' I green till my sicht grows dim,
An' fu', fu' rows my ee ;
An' visions weird roun' my spirit twine,
Wi' a mystic glamourie.

A lanely, humble, wee thack cot,
By a limpid burnie's brim,
Where the gowan faulds its crimson crest
'Mang the violets, pure and prim ;

'Twas there my tentless boyhood stray'd,
Where I strode in my manly prime.
O, wha could deem'd o' sic changes borne
In the teeming womb o' time !

Where are the playmates, dear an' true,
That gambol'd wi' me then,
Ower verdant knowe, or bank, or scaur,
By burn, or gushing linn ?

Like me, they hae left their early hames ;
Like mine, their youthtide gleams
Are lost in life's stern realities,
An' only come back in dreams.

Oh, but I'm weary, weary ;
Restless, an' ill at ease !
For a' aroun', though it charm the sense,
The heart it downna please.

Though beauty sparkles in ilka brook,
And smiles in ilk flowery grove,
An' the very air is a melody,
O' raptur'd joy and love.

Though the purple skies o' the sunny south
Glow wi' a gowden leme ;
I ken the land is passing fair,
But, oh ! it isna hame.

Nae burnie here, by the auld house en',
Wi' its cheerie simmer sang ;
Or jowin' broon i' the winter-tide,
As it rows and roars alang.

I see na the hardy wee wild flowers
That gem auld Scotia's fells :
The primrose pure, an' the violet,
The gowan an' sweet bluebell.

Then carry me hame to my ain countrie—
 To the crags, to the glens, to the hills,
 To the mountain-steeps that sparkle bricht,
 Wi' a thousand shimmering rills :

The brainge an' the sough o' the Norlan' blast
 Are soothin' strains to me ;
 An' the foaming rush o' my native stream
 A heart-sweet melody.

Oh, but I'm weary, weary !
 Wi' ilka breath I draw,
 My heart owerflows wi' thochts o' hame,
 An' I canna bide awa.

L I N E S.

ON BEING TAUNTED WITH HONEST POVERTY.

Ashamed to work, am I ? no, never !
 Perish the soulless thought !
 The dearest pleasures God has given
 Are those man's sweat has bought.
 Tyrants may sneer, and fools may scorn
 Rough horny-handed toil ;
 But mark him with his Master's eye,
 He's Monarch of the soil.

Ashamed to work, am I ? no, never !
I glory in my fate,
Nor envy for one moment's space
 The wealthy, or the great.
Can hoards of silver or of gold
Purchase one moment's peace ?
I've health, content, I've friendship, love,
 Can man be poor with these ?

Ashamed to work, am I ? no, never !
If wealth could worth secure,
Then 'twere our duty to be rich,
 And folly to be poor.
Vain paultry baubles, riches, rank :
 One gem from wisdom's mine,
One spark of wit, one ray of truth,
 Doth all your gauze outshine.

Ashamed to work, am I ? no, never !
 Man's self his lot makes hard.
The day comes, when as each has done,
 Shall each receive reward ;
Then 'twill be seen if honest toil
 Has more to praise or dread,
Than those who rail at Providence,
 And blush to earn their bread.

MY AIN AULD WIFE.

I've aye wi' fickle Fortune's frown been fash'd an'
pester'd sair,
An' a' through life I've dree'd a load o' sorrow, dool,
an' care;
For han' in han' wi' puirtith cauld I've warsled a'
through life,
Wi' nane to ease the burden but my ain auld wife.
It's noo fu' lang sin' first we met, but time hearts
canna sway;
It's forty simmers since we first thegither speel'd life's
brae:
An' yet I lo'e ye 'boon them a', though time, an' care,
an' strife,
Hae left their mark upon thy broo, my ain auld wife.

Oh Leezie, do ye min' the hour in life's gay rosy prime,
When first we vow'd oor mutual love wad stan' unscaithed by time.
Unchangéd yet thae vows remain as in the morn o' life,
You've kept your troth an' faithfu' been—my ain
auld wife.
Oh then, I trow, your heart was licht, oh, then your
face was fair,
Your sunny broo seem'd ne'er design'd to cloud wi'
grief or care:

An' yet you're blythe, though on thy broo time leaves
his traces rife,
For couthie youth maks cantie eild, my ain auld wife.

Thegither we hae climbed life's brae, thegither we'll
descend,
Till kindly Death shall bring us safe thegither in the
end ;
When Providence has made an' end o' a' oor toil an'
strife,
Oh, may I meet in better lands my ain auld wife.
There will ye meet wi' due reward for conquests ye
hae won ;
There shall thy King thy palm bestow, "Thou faithful
one, well done ;"
An' there, noo free frae ilka stain o' sinfu' human life,
Shall glory crown that careworn broo, my ain auld wife.

TO A ROSE.

(WRITTEN IN WINTER.)

Beauteous blossom, blushing high,
To catch the muse's partial eye,
Bursting the envious canopy
That 'veloped thy fair form ;

Sweet type of beauty, now unveil'd,
Thou, modest, long thy charms conceal'd,
Now thy proud beauty, full reveal'd,
 Must brave the winter's storm ;
As sometimes Beauty's brightest powers,
Unknown, unfelt in happier hours,
Break forth when dark misfortune lowers
 In horror and alarm.

Thou hardy wanderer, weak, alone,
Sorely thou lack'st the glowing sun
To gild the cheerless wintry zone
 Of thy nativity ;
Poor fragile floweret, sore thou'l miss
The radiant summer's soft caress,
And dews thy blushing cheeks that kiss
 Beneath her smiling sky ;
Alas ! alas ! instead of this,
Those wasting sleety showers confess
That surly winter mars thy bliss,
 And yet raves sullen by.

How proud that slender stem doth stand,
That erst with modest grace did bend ;
And those bright petals richly blend
 Beauty's divinest hues.

Alas for Beauty ! fleeting, frail,
How soon the ruthless wintry gale,
The drifting sleet, the bitter hail,
 And frost-rim'd morning dew,
Will nip those opening tints so pale ;
Nor leave one charm to tell the tale
Of that gay flaunting coronal
 That charmed the gazer's view.

YE DEUIL ONNE ANE RECONNAISANCE.

Ye deuil gat ance astryde onne ye mune,
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
To see quhat gaed on in ye warld abune.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

An' wow, butte hee was ane wondrous wychte,
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
As ever raide wudde in ye houre o' ye nychte.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hys mykel hornis flaught lyk ane cometis taile,
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
Or ye streameris glare ower ane Norlan' vaile.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hys een lyk starnis glymmeryng paile,
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane wordie carle.”)
 Through ye fluchterie myste o’ ye deid-mirk daile
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Butte ye mune raide fast, an’ ye mune raide heigh.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 Quo’ hee “My pownie’s gat gey an’ skeigh.”
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane wordie carle.”)

Lood leugh ye deuil, sleekit loone,
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane merrie carle.”)
 To see ye ongauns in ilka toone.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye first he spyt ~~was~~ ane bachelour baulde,
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane wordie carle.”)
 Hee lay him lane, an hee shiverit wi’ caulde.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hee raikit an’ synn’d ye leelang nychte ;
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 Syne growlit an’ swore atte mornynge lychte.
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane wordie carle.”)

Ye batchelour swore lyk ane ferse dragoone ;
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 An’ lood an’ lang leugh Auld Mahoun.
 (Sing “Auld Mahoun, ye’re ane merrie carle.”)



Ye neist hee spyit was ane bloomynge maide.

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Butte O ! hyr charms had begun to fade.

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Fu' lanely ye maide in ane garrette sat,

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Sans companie save ane Tabby catte.

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

In saire doloure scho yaumerit an' flate,

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

An' gratté, an' banit hyr fen'lesse staite.

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Ye deuil hotchit, an' lood leugh hee,

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane merrie carle.")

"O, sic are ye fruits o' virginitee !"

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Fu' sleekit quo' hee, " I maun confesse

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Ye virtues o' single blessednesse."

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye neist hee spyit was ane manne an' his wyfe—

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Nae doubté scho was ance ye prydé o' hys lyfe.

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye deuil hee saw, an' tuke heedfulle tente ;
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
 For hee heard ye twa atte ane argymente.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hyr toungue dyd clacke wi' ane ceaseless dyn ;
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 An' a' ye bairns in ye hoose jointit inne.
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Ye manne hee fleechit, an' ye womyn scho faught ;
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 Ye deuil eggit hyr onne, an' laught.
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane merrie carle.")

Scho argyit an' bangit quhill scho couldna rair,
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)
 Syne lyftit ye pokyr to argy mair.
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Hyr logic noo was fulle sounde an' strang,
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
 An' ye manne confessit hee buid be i' the wrang.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye deuil hee fledde, an' lood leugh hee
 (Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane merrie carle.")
 At ye scene o' domestic felicitee.
 (Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye deuil hee swore bye horne an' hoofe
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
That sic a manne was ane donnert coofe.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye deuil hee swore by Jezabel's toungue.
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
Gif hee were ane manne he wald speake wi' ane runge.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hee saw ye priests, hoo they prayit an' swat,
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
To pyke their kail frae ye puir folks' pat.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

An' folk o' unco guidlie name
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
Wer just like ither folk atte hame.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Ye kings an' nobles playit atte ye ba',
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
They playit wi' men for ye nine-pin raw.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

An' in pryde o' pooer an' dignitee,
(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")
They lychtlied ye loons o' laigh degree.
(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Then ye deuil hee swore they mychte a' think shame.

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle.")

Says "I order affaires mikel better atte hame."

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

Hee saw—quhat mair I downa telle,

(Hech how ! butte this is ane wearie warl.)

It's aneuch that ye deuil kens himsel.

(Sing "Auld Mahoun, ye're ane wordie carle")

THE LAPBROD AN' THE BILL.

Ae nicht I gaed to pay Tam Tweed

Far makin' me some claes;

Noo tailors' bills, ye ken yoursels,

Are *something* noo-a-days.

I stachered up the garret trap

(That nicht I'd ha'en some yill),

Tam maks his boo—"Oh, how d'ye do ?

Sir, here's your little bill."

Noo, as I said, I'd in my heid

Ae gless, or maybe twa,

Sae scarce could grup or tail or tap

O' what he'd writ ava.



At last to rede my joombled heid
I tried wi' a' my skill,
An' sune fand oot, ower weel, I doubt,
The bearin's o' the bill.

“ To makin' coat”—“ Gude gracious ! what ?
“ Ten shillin's an' a groat.”
“ Ye'll sune get rich, Tam, wi' sae much
For makin' o' a coat.”
“ Sen up wee Hab to Islay Rab,
To bring us doon a gill,
Oor hearts to cheer, lest I should swear
Ower that confoonded bill.”

“ A pair o' breeks at fower an' six ;
A waistcoat, five and fower ;”
While buttons, thread, an' sundries, mak
Five shillin's yont the score.
Quoth I, wi' aith below my breath
(Gude keep us aye frae ill !),
“ For sma' reward I'd tear in shards
Baith tailor an' his bill.”

Noo, dinna think that, e'en in drink,
I'm an ill-natured chiel ;
Though maybe whiles, an' stir my bile,
I'd fecht the very deil ;

But for to strike a needle's knight
 My heart could ne'er hae will ;
 Na, sure as death, though e'er sae laith
 To pay a fancy bill.

Weel, oot I flung my mowdie-spung,
 Intendin' to hae paid ;
 When ('twas the deil, or else the yill
 Pat mischief in my heid.)
 Quo' I, in sport, "I'll fecht ye for't,
 Each sey his ootmost skill,
 Gie me the lapbrod for a sword,
 Tak ye your awfu' bill."

Oh ! had ye seen that tailor's een,
 What inward dread they show'd,
 As up I pick my weapon quick,
 To mak my challenge good.
 Oh ! had ye heard that tailor's word,
 Wi' tremblin' terror thrill—
 "Murder ! police !" which I increase
 Wi' "Come, tak up your bill !"

Sune Sergeant Rabb an' Pate M'Nabb
 Cam in to learn the cause ;
 When Tammy show'd his tale o' blood,
 Wi' mony sidelins flaws.

Then courteously they speir at me
 My version o' the *spill*;
Wi' heart elate I then relate
 'Bout the "lapbrod an' the bill."

As ye may guess, Tam maun confess
 My story to be true.
"Ye're fined," quoth Pate, "as sure as fate,
 In a bottle o' the blue."
At Tam's expense the glasses dance,
 Till a' had got their fill.
Sax bob discount he aff did coont,
 An' then I paid his bill.

ROBIN AN' THE PREMIER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INCIDENT DURING THE CAMPAIGN
OF 1884. BY AN ULTRA RADICAL, OR' 80.

When Willie cam to oor toon,
 Doon by the Border-side;
We ran in croods to meet him,
 Wi' mickle pomp an' pride.
He look'd sae hale an' noble
 In his hamely dignit-*ye*,

That we fairly were in raptures ;
 An' says I to him, says I,—
 " Gie's your han', auld man,
 Ye're a gran' auld man,
 Mair than match for ony in the lan', auld man.
 Bid Freedom never fear,
 Just hear the people cheer,
 For they see their fearless champion whaur ye stan',
 auld man."

I mounted me beside him
 Like a loyal frien' an' true ;
 An' sic walth o' lair an' wisdom
 Frae his burden'd brain he drew,
 That I was quite dumbfounded
 Wi' his eloquence sae high,
 Sae I clapp'd him on the shouther,
 An' says I to him, says I,—
 " Ye're a richt auld man,
 Ye're a wicht auld man,
 Od ! ye'll sune ding a' the Tories oot o' sicht, auld man,
 Just gie us the Franchise,
 An' we'll laud ye to the skies,
 An' mak the welkin echo oor delicht, auld man."

He ladled fire an' brunstane oot
 Ower " Randy " an' the rest ;

He riddled a' the Hoose o' Lords
Wi' uncompunctionious zest ;
Syne soop'd their filthy chaumer clean,
(Lord man ! 'twas sic a sty !)
An' everybody laugh'd an' cheer'd,
An' I to him, quo' I,—
" Ye're a leal auld man,
Ye do weel, auld man,
Od ! your polity it dings the vera deil, auld man.
Ye've the Tories on the rump ;
Grup the rascals by the lump,
Syne heave them ower the Channel wi' a sweet, auld
man."

He spak o' wars an' taxes,
Cape, Egypt, an' Soudan,
O' Kirk Reform, an' Lan' Reform,
Finance, an' Paddy's Lan'.'
He Freedom's laws an' Freemen's richts
Upheld sae valiant-*lye*
That I grat amaist wi' pleasure ;
An' says I to him, says I,—
" Ye're a fine auld man,
That's divine, auld man ;
Losh ! I never heard the like sin I hae min', auld man.
Sic a mine o' precious ore
Was never ken'd afore,
Amang the fallen sons o' human-kin', auld man.

Then Willie packed his speeches up,
 His title-deeds o' fame ;
 An' left us a', a waefu' crew,
 To gang the gait we came.
 Reflecting on his glory syne,
 Fu' sad I aften sigh—
 “O whan will e'er I hear the like !”
 An' to myself says I,—
 “ What a crouse auld man !
 What a douce auld man !
 He's a credit to the lan' an' to the “Hoose”, auld man.
 Let the Tories tak their han'
 An' play't as weel's they can,
 Lord ! they'll fin' he's a' the *honours*, wi' the *deuce*,
 auld man.”

TWO REVERIES.

The master sat by his inkstain'd desk,
 And he finger'd the lithe ferule !
 He poised the switch on his finger tip,
 And he clutched it again with a nervous grip ;
 While the smile of a tyrant crisp'd his lip,
 And the words, unspoke, from his mind did slip,—
 “ Oh, how glorious 'tis to rule !”



The master sat by his inkstain'd desk,
And he ponder'd long and deep ;
On the past, the glorious days of yore,
And on bliss to come, when the School Board bore
On Lethe's further bank should snore
In oblivion's merited sleep.

The master sat by his inkstain'd desk
And he droop'd his learnéd head,
As he *cuss'd* their *liberal* legislation
That with pelf for position made reparation,
And he phrased—well, not *a la* justification,
Though 'twill rhyme with that, or *all creation* ;
But these will serve for illustration,
For 'twere better left unsaid.

The master sat by his inkstain'd desk,
His head bent low and lower,
His realm sped round—a dizzying maze—
Rock'd to and fro in his slippery gaze,
And vanished. Oh could language phrase
The thoughts sublime, whose ecstasies
From his mind's profound could only raise,
To the echoing schoolroom's symphonies,
A most sonorous snore !

The master sat by his inkstain'd desk
In the glimmery gloaming light ;

And silence seized each pen and slate,
As all unconscious he sate ;
While each truant whispered to his mate,
With bated breath, but heart elate,
“ Ha, boys, *magister’s tight !* ”

The master sat by his inkstain’d desk,
And mischief brew’d apace.
A dummy boy they soon create,
With breeches, coat, and all, complete,
Then they snatched the wig from the erudite pate,
And, crown’d with the glossy hat, in state,
The figure perk’d on the dunce’s seat,
Right before the master’s face.

The master sat by his inkstain’d desk,
Unconsciously secure.
But the mischief wasn’t o’er by half ;
For the boldest urchin of the staff,
Inserted a pin in his quivering calf,
And fled with a hardly smothered laugh
At his chief’s discomfiture.

The master jumped from his tottering desk
With a startled exclamation,
While his smarting limb ached sympathy,
His muddied mental gaze could spy
Some juvenile delinquency.

But when ? or where ? or how ? or why ?
When the thronéd dummy caught his eye.
So, with cudgel twirling dexterously,
He pounced on the mute *unfeeling guy*,
And bestowed on't a furious castigation.

The master stood by his prostrate desk,
And his brain began to cool,
As with rueful visage he survey'd
The devastation he had made.
By turns defiant and dismay'd,
His bristling thoughts discordant sway'd.
All hush'd at length—the demon laid—
Self-reprehensive, thus he said,
“Good God ! I've been a fool.”

The master stood by his inkstain'd desk,
And he ponder'd deep and high.
“No more,” he cried, “this canker scall
With aspic tooth my heart shall gall,
My higher, holier being's call
Shall rend the grim funereal pall
That grips my soul with direst thrall
Of moral misery.”

The master stood by his inkstain'd desk,
In contemplation still ;

His very soul in earnest glow'd.
"Thus, now, I spurn the drunkard's load ;
So help me manhood, help me God,
And help me my strong will.
Too long this slough of death I've trod ;
But now I feel a firmer road
My destiny to fill."

.

The master sat by his inkstain'd desk,
And time roll'd year on year ;
Still life's faint embers feebly shed
A fluttering lustre round his head,
Then—curfew knell—and all is fled,
'Tis darkness dank and drear.
But well his vow he had repaid,
And all who knew him mourn'd the dead ;
And many a struggling prayer was sped,
And many a smother'd sob was hid
And many a pat on the coffin lid
Betray'd the trickling tear.
And, traveller, you here may read
The legend, simply sculptur'd :
" *He liveth now, and once was dead*
Whose mortal resteth here."

LAMENT FOR MY WHISKERS.

Oh, dool on the day ! mirk, wearifu', wae,
Be the vera first hour when a razor I saw !
My whiskers sae bonnie, the pride o' puir Johnnie,
Hae fled frae my cheeks like a Whitsunday snaw.
They were han'some wee whiskers,
They were winsome wee whiskers,
The comliest whiskers that ever ye saw.

I'm dowie, forlorn, a' the lasses wi' scorn,
Poutin', cry, "Man, ye've fley'd a' your beauty awa,
Ne'er think mair to see a kin' blink o' oor ee,
Ha ! ha ! what a fricht wi' nae whiskers ava !
Ohone for his whiskers !
His tidy bit whiskers !
The han'somest whiskers that ever we saw !"

The neibors a' tell me some evil's befell me,
I gang like a ghaist, an' as pale as the snaw ;
My Katie has left me, a' comfort is reft me,
Oh ! a' things are wrang sin' my whiskers' awa !
They were won'erfu' whiskers,
Remarkable whiskers,
The cosiest whiskers that ever ye saw.

The vera bairns hoot me, an', rinnin' aboot me,
 Cry, "Johnnie, what's come o' your whiskers awa ?
 Just look at the coof, he's as bare as my loof !
 Hey ! Johnnie has scared a' his whiskers awa.
 Oh, his comical whiskers,
 His curious wee whiskers,
 The funniest whiskers that ever we saw !"

Yestreen bonnie Kate, aye sae bashfu' an blate,
 Spunk'd up like a tow when my bare chafts she saw,
 " Ye great donnert fule ! ye're an unco like tool,
 What possess'd ye to stow a' your whiskers awa ?
 Your winsome wee whiskers,
 Your darlin' wee whiskers,
 The nicest wee whiskers that ever I saw."

To sooth an' appease her, or aiblins to tease her,
 Frae her ripe temptin' lips a bit smackie I staw ;
 But she skreched oot wi' pain, " Noo just try that again ;
 That great tousy stibble will no do awa.
 Ohone for your whiskers !
 Your bonnie bit whiskers,
 Unfortunate whiskers as ever I saw.

" Noo Johnnie, gae hame, nor presume here again,
 Till ye've something to cover that lang lantern jaw.
 Hae, I'll len' ye a groat, get the beard o' a goat,
 Or onything, rather than naething awa.

Oh the han'some wee whiskers,
The shapely wee whiskers,
The bonniest whiskers that ever I saw."

I maun e'en stop my sang, it's nonsensical lang,
An' leave to yoursel the bit moral to draw.
But I'll aye ban the day, sir, I fashed wi' a razor,
An' shore a' my popular whiskers awa.
Oh, my innocent whiskers !
My bonnie wee whiskers,
The nicest wee whiskers that ever ye saw.

THE LAZY HERD ;

OR, WAKENING THE WRONG MAN.

A traveller, one sultry summer's day,
By some miscalculation lost his way ;
Or, haply, pondering in his august mind,
Some great discovery which he *was* to find,
He found—but never mind, my tale will tell,
Read, if you've time and patience, what befell.
However, I must keep my end in view,
Or haply I may lose my reckoning too.
At length a shepherd, stretched upon a knoll,
Whose dog saluted him with angry growl,

Attracts the sage. Then thoughts of dinner rose,
Chill'd his philosophy, his musings froze ;
As grosser *man* in spite of man will rise,
And drag to earth the wisest of the wise.

The colloquy began. "Shepherd I'd gladly know
The way to ——, would'st, pray thee, show ?
Wandering in wilds unknown is awkward plight,
Perhaps you'll be so kind as set me right."

Sandy was lazy. Where's the herd that's not,
Especially out of sight, the weather hot ?

Sandy was easy. For supper 'twas too soon,
So if he rose, he must again lie down.

Exertion's irksome, all his mental pleas
Were urged in favour of his body's ease.

He weigh'd alternatives, then high in air
His foot he poised, and pointed, "'Way oot there."

The sage, with wonder, open-mouthed, survey'd
The last immense discovery he had made.

At last rebuke found words. Sandy was named
"Vile indolence omnipotent," "sloth gilt-framed,"
And other terms of *classical* abuse,
Far too æsthetic for my rustic muse.

And then ironically spake the sage :
"Shepherd, no doubt 'twill sore your wit engage,
But if a lazier trick than this you'll own,
Upon my soul, I'll give you, sir, a crown."

"Just pit it in," quoth Sandy, opening wide
The waistcoat pouch, capacious, by his side.

“Just pit it in,” repeated with a grin,
Left no resource for him but put it in.

Then with a sigh, shrug, oath, or what you please,
His mutter'd musings found such words as these :
“Be careful when your neighbours faults you'd scan,
Else you, like me, may waken the wrong man.”
Wiser, we think, he took his way again,
And left alone the philosophic swain ;
Who, if my tale may be at all relied,
Mused thus, as supperward the hero hied,—
“Nae doubt his honour thocht to fule the clown,
Ha ! ha ! he's got his lesson, I his crown.”

THE PREACHIN'.

Ae Sunday afternoon short syne,
Wi' twa leal-hearted frien's o' mine,
Wi' unco guid intent I join
To gang an' hear a preachin'.

The sun was high, 'an' warm the day,
The road was dreigh, an' stey the brae ;
An' somehow we were sweer to gae
Sae far to hear a preachin'.

Forth cam the gospel-greedy train,
 An' ane by ane the road they've ta'en;
 Till we were left oor leefu' lane,
 To swither boot the preachin'.

But doon the gait I cuist my ee,
 Quo' I, "My lads, haud on a wee,
 An' aiblins we may hear an' see
 Anither sort o' preachin'."

"For, hark ye! lads, just noo I saw
 A sicht that gied my heart a throw,
 Sae, doon the gait let's haud awa,
 An' hear the *ither* preachin'."

"Richt weel I wat yon bonnie queens,
 Hae drawn the glamour ower my een.
 We'll gang the length o' Mrs. Green's,
 An' maybe hear the preachin'."

The fouk we met alang the gait,
 Cried "Chaps, I fear ye're rather late."
 "Na, faith;" quo' Jamie, "no ae haet,
 We're gaun to hear the preachin'."

The slee, unmensefu', graceless rogue,
 His conscience never gaed a shog,
 He swore that "Haining o' the Bogue"
 Was gaun to hae a preachin'.

Sae on we held by hill and dale ;
But though we gat them within hail,
We ne'er laid "saut upon their tail,"
That nicht gaun to the preachin'.

Sae doon we squatted on a brae,
Says, "No ae step we'll far'er gae,
We'll maybe kep them on the way,
Returnin' frae the preachin'.

At length we spied them yont a knowe ;
Fu' lo'esome queens they were, I trow,
As ever gied anes heart a jow,
At weddin', fair, or preachin'.

Wi' crackin', laughin', jokin' gay,
The lichtsome hour sped fast away,
"Twas liker far a gala-day
Than hame-gaun frae a preachin'.

Hear, oh ye unco guidly race,
Wi' lang-drawn sanctimonious face,
Wha shudder at the dire disgrace
O' sic unhallow'd preachin' ;

Sirs, dinna be sae sair annoy'd,
Though less hypocrisy alloy'd,
We maybe werena waur employ'd,
Than you, wi' a' your preachin'.

For though the time was lightly spent,
 I wad we were as innocent,
 In word, an' action, an' intent,
 As some wha heard the preachin'.

Noo, ane an' a', a kind adieu,
 An' sirs, I crave a boon frae you,
 The wish that we may never rue
 The nicht we truant' the preachin'.

WHA BUT FINDLAY.*

Wha's this that's makin sic a steer ?
 Oh, wha is it but Findlay !
 Then gang your gait, ye'se no be here.
 " Ay, faith will I !" quo' Findlay.

What mak ye sae far frae hame ?
 " Come an' hear," quo' Findlay.
 The ballot-box will tell your claim.
 " Ay, that's the rub," quo' Findlay.

* These stanzas (a parody on a not over delicate song of Burns') were written on the eve of the election of the Rev. P. C. Findlay to the pastorate of Carsphairn. His election was then a foregone conclusion. The other names indicate the Rev. gentlemen who were on what is called the *short leet*; and who took part in the preaching match.

Inspiring Murray's stentor voice,—
“Weel, let him roar,” quo' Findlay,—
I fear has tint its equipoise.
“Rest in peace!” quo' Findlay.

See sturdy Trummel's souple shanks,
There *Ecce Homo*, Findlay!
He'll tak the muirs wi' nimble spanks.
“We'll risk it though,” quo' Findlay.

The pale wee Lillie's droopin' leaf—
“*C'en est fait*,” quo' Findlay,—
Gars sodden een owerflow wi' grief,
“The bodie's blin',” quo' Findlay.

Paton's pilfer'd phrases fine,—
“Oh learnéd priest!” quo' Findlay,—
Glow wi' Olympic fires divine;
“Hoots: just a spunk!” quo' Findlay.

Should we vote an' pit you in,
“Ay, pit me in,” quo' Findlay.
Ye'll stick by us through thick an' thin.
“Nae fear o' that,” quo' Findlay.

My Moray buckie, blaw your horn!
“I mean a toot,” quo' Findlay.
They'll maybe rue their choice the morn.
“What deil care I!” quo' Findlay.

In our midst gin ye wad stay,
 “I’ll remain,” quo’ Findlay.
 Hark! in your lug a word I’ll say,
 “Thy servant hears,” quo’ Findlay.

Ding beuks an’ pu’pit a’ abreid.
 “Fegs, I’ll rant,” quo’ Findlay.
 That’s a’ oor bodies want or heed.
 “They’ll get it too,” quo’ Findlay.

MASTER JOHN’S SEVEN AGES;

OR, “FILED FOR INSERTION.”

“Twas once on a time,” one cold winter morn,—
 The gossips were sipping their toddy,
 With *notes and corrections*,—well, then he was born
 To face the cold world *in a body*.
That past he might mourn, but could never repair;
 Though folk looked on his name with aspersion,
 Obliquely he enter’d this world of care;
 Can we marvel if somewhat obliquely he fare
 When thus he is *filed for insertion*.

One day his mamma said, “Now Johnny, my dear,
 It is time that we think of your schooling.”



For be things as they may, there is one thing quite clear,

You will never be ruled by *my* ruling.

You're as wicked's a witch, and as stiff as a mule,

But I'll practice some *modus coercion* ;
To-morrow we'll go to old Master Ferule,

A crusty old pedant, and under his rule

Get you instantly *filed for insertion*.

Our hero is happy as happy can be,

Full twenty midsummers he'd hail'd 'em,

When he met with the witching young Molly M'Fee,

And the minx, shy and sly, she soon nail'd 'im.

'Tis said that in love he fell o'er head and ears ;

(Some species of total immersion.)

But Cupid pays up all his stolen arrears,

And in bonds matrimonial it quickly appears

That duly he's *filed for insertion*.

At the big Fair of Doune Johnny got on the spree,

Poor soul ! he was *fu'* ere he wist it ;

Yet Sergeant M'Grabbin, next morning, dy'e see,

Nabb'd poor Johnny, and swore he had listed.

Now will he, or nil he, the warrior must go,

If he hadn't bethought of desertion.

How the deuce he escaped, why I cannot tell now ;

But a *place* in the Blackhole was *vacant*, I know,

And 'twas he who was *filed for insertion*.

Dame Fortune is winding her wonderful wheel,
And hoists Mister John from the trench;
And stamps him a "gentleman born," with the seal
Of honour, J.P., and the Bench.
That poor poaching devil, see how he belays,
(For poaching's his special aversion,)
With dignified classic quotation he says,
"‘Prisoner,’ your offending is rank. Sixty days.
Here, clerk, get him *filed for insertion.*"

Now lonely, reclined in his old elbow chair,
Life's twilight closing around him,
With trembling limbs, and with silvery hair,
Old age has arrived, and has found him.
Alas ! such is life ! weary, weak, and alone,
Clasped limp in the arms of inertion,
Afar down the west stands his fast sinking sun,
Mother Earth's verdant bosom reft open anon,
Ay, and there he is *filed for insertion.*

"The last scene of all." See that low curtain'd bed,
With Death, gloomy, grim, standing by ;
While kinsmen expectant, with gingerly tread,
Whisper hoarse, "*Is he dead yet,*" and sigh.
How solemn, how still, when the grim king is by,
All is hush'd at the final dispersion.
The soul glides away in a long weary sigh.
Reader, well may we pause on this dread mystery.
Where, ah, where ! is he *filed for insertion* ?

YE LAYE OF ANE AMERICAN EDITOR.

TO YE AIRE OF

"Ane Fine Olde Englische Gentlemanne."

I'll sing ye a jolly stave, and it's new, you must allow.
I'd sing a darn'd sight better, though, if I only knew
the how.

But I'll mount old "Peg," and I'll ginger him, by Jove!
but I'll tell ye why:

I like, on a luscious theme, [to throw my whole energies, soul, body, and stirrups into it, so as] to make the cranky old thing go spry.

As I sing of the rare, the square old cuss,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

As I sing of the rare, the square old cuss,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."*

I see him in his Sanctum, his pen behind his ear;
I see him mope his thoughtful pate, I hear him softly swear,

As he *slings* his blazing paragraphs with Johns-i-onic vigour,

* Since writing the above we have learned that that quondam *Great Organ*, the "Elkhorn Pen and Plow" (Neb., U.S.A.), has paid the debt of Nature. It expired some time ago. R.I.P.

We have not adequate information as to whether the genial editor *forked out* at the same time; but from what we know of these Yankee editors, by their own showing, we rather suppose he did not.

And *chaws up* his opponents [and all those rascally Democrats] worse than Christians a nigger.

This jolly old file, this bully old file,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

This jolly old file, this bully old file,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

They say he keeps a handy "Colt" for each blaspheming cuss,

Who just "came round 'bout that there piece," and makes tarnation fuss.

He thinks on such like *leetle* things 'taint no use to discuss;

And his look on such occasions is [said on most unimpeachable authority to be] almost ferocious.

This grave old bloke, this brave old bloke,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

This grave old bloke, this grave old bloke,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

A keg of prime "Virginia" is in a corner stow'd,
Whose fragrance fills the Sanctum like incense of a God.

And just the slightest hinting of another perfume flows

From another keg, an odour, which [to say the least of it under all circumstances] is rayther suspicious.

Oh the sly old hunks, the *dry* old hunks,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."
The sly old hunks, the *dry* old hunks,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

In hours of relaxation, methinks I see him set
With feet above the mantel, as he puffs his calumet;
Or softly whistles to himself, in soothing dulcet strains,
While every hour he lights his pipe with [oh fiendish
malignity!] some butcher'd poet's brains.

Oh the rough old file, the tough old file,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plough."
The rough old file, the tough old file,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

On Holidays and Sundays, and Fourth-es of July,
In broad palmette and clawhammer he looks so slick
and spry.

At Church, at Bee, at Carnival, he's *up to* all the feats:
Can yank a *go* of whisky-straight, and wink [in a very
reprehensible, quite too ridiculous, yet very fasci-
nating manner] at all the pretty girls he meets.

That sly old chap, that fly old chap,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."
That sly old chap, that fly old chap,
That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

Yet well I ween a feeling heart within his waistcoat
throbs,

With glowing love for all these leetle advertising jobs,
Likewise a lingering fondness for the sacrificial shears,
And a soul-absorbing passion to [cut up all his reptile
contemporaries into infinitessimal crumbs, if he
could, just for one moment] get them by the ears.

That sunny old cove, that funny old cove,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plough."

That sunny old cove, that funny old cove,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

I reckon, boss, I'm getting tired, my pen's quite rusted
up.

Pegasus, too, has broke his wind, and reg'lar *busted up*.
My picture's but a sorry daub, but just as good as true.
And so I make my final bow [with words which might
have been spoken by the immortal Joseph Brady
the other day, from a somewhat precarious plat-
form in Dublin]. " *Peccavi*, friends." Adieu

To the rare old cuss, the square old cuss.

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

Farewell to the rare, the square old cuss,

That *runs* the "Pen and Plow."

THE CEETY AN' KINTRA MOOSE.

AN AULD SCOTCH PARABLE.

A ceety moose, ance on a time,
Inveeted to a feast, sirs,
A kintra couſin, prim an' douce,
A cannie, hamely beast, sirs.

They, stowlins, socht the Provost's ha'.
Losh! hoo the rustic glower'd, man!
He sooke'd his whiskers, smack'd his lips,
Bumbazed an' overpower'd man:

For there was sic a table, spread
Wi' fouth o' ilka denty—
Ragouts, an' stews, an' turtle soups,
An' furthy wines in plenty.

“Ohone!” quo he, “what waefu' waste!
When puir folks' bairns are starvin';
An' maybe, gin the truth were ken'd,
They're ten times mair deservin'.”

“Fy!” quo' the ither, “fy! what need
To fyke an' fash 'bout wastery.
Fa' to! an' pree the choicest bits
O' jellies, jams, an' pastry.”

But wheesht ! a soft an' cannie fit
 Comes slyly up the stair, man.
 "Look oot !" quo' cockney, "hide, my frien'—
 Here's danger—hist—beware man !"

Sir Flunkey stealthy keekit ben,
 Cries "Coom, wot are ye hat, sirs,
 Wot's hup, I say ? Shoo, shoo, you brutes !
 I'd best cry hin the cat, sirs."

"Puss ! Puss !" he cried ; and in a trice
 Sprang tabby on the floor, man ;
 While funkey bauld, wi' martial frown,
 Stood sentry at the door, man.

Wi' jouk an' turn, on gaed the chace,
 Like maukins an' a grew, man.
 "Now Puss ! now Mouse !" the funkey smiled,
 As roun' the room they flew, man.

Puir trembling things, their hearts beat sair,
 Maist waur than they could thole, man ;
 When some ane spied, wi' eager ee,
 A tiny wee bit hole, man.

Swith cockney through the crevice sprung
 The ither on his track, man :
 An' headlang scampering doon the stair
 I vow they wer'na slack, man.



But, peace an' quiet noo restor'd,
The cockney fain wad gang, man,
An' brave the danger ower again :
An' urged his frien' alang, man.

He argued lang to tempt his frien'
To hae anither *snack*, man ;
But fleeced an' argued a' in vain.
Feint hae't he'd venture back, man.

"Na, na," quo' he, "my gentle frien'
Awa wi' walth an' fame, man.
For me, I's haud, wi' scantier cheer,
My ain pock neuk at hame, man."

"I canna thole this gait ava,
Wi' a' its fuss an' state, man ;
At hame, if I get scrimper fare,
I get it on the quate, man."

My frien's, I rede tak my advice,
When great folk wad caress ye—
When wanton dames or pridefu' aims
Doun pleasure's gait wad press ye ;

To a' their fause allurin' wiles
Aye mak your life a stranger :
Think on the kintra moose, an' keep
The shady side o' danger.

THE AULD BEGGAR MAN.

A FRAGMENT.

The cauld blue mists were creepin' up
The dark slopes o' Milyea;
And trail'd ower Cairnsmore's lordly crest,
Thick-mantling, chill, an' grey.

The drifts lay deep on the grizzly Rhynns,
An' the deep-scarr'd rugged Meaul;
An' dim through the haze, the stately Bow
Loom'd ghostly, grim, an' tall.

The bitter scud o' the snell north win'
Drove keen ower Smeaton Flowe;
An' the storm-toss'd flocks scarce fand their breath
In the lea o' the kin'ly knowe.

In its deep-delved trough the boisterous linn
Struggled an' chafed an' boiled;
As, in weary plight, roun' the auld brig en'
A puir wayfarer toil'd.

'Twas an "auld puir man," wi' a time-scarr'd cheek,
An' a care-seam'd, weary brow;
An' his ee, maist blin' wi' the drivin' sleet,
Had a far-aff, yearnin' glow.

The fierce win' rang through his lang, thin locks.
(What were left were lyart an' few,
For the ruthless kaims o' time an' care
Had wede them fu' sair, I trow.)

He could see the gleam frae some cottar's hearth,
Wi' its cheery ruddy licht.
(For gloamin' had fled ower the gloomy waste
Frae a dark-broo'd, muneless nicht.)

An' the prattlin' din o' the bairns within,
In their healthfu' careless glee,
Wad lift the clud frae some langsyne page
In the beuk o' his memorie.

Then the auld man sigh'd in to himsel' ;
But aye he stacher'd on
'Mid thickening drift, 'gainst the snell north-win',
Wi' its keen, sharp, eerie moan.

But noo fu' slow was his totterin' step,
An' feeble his pinchéd frame ;
As, toss'd an' reel'd by the eddyin' drift,
To a wee thack cot he came.

“ Eh, bairn ! what's that ? ” for a wee faint tap
Had reached the mother's ear.
“ Wha e'er can be oot in sic a nicht ?
Haste, lassie, rin an' speir.”

A bairnie cam to the door to look,
 Then back to her mither she ran,
 An' "Mither," he heard the wee thing say,
 "It's a puir auld beggar man."

"Gae 'wa ! gae 'wa ! thou 'auld puir man,'
 We hae nocht for sic as thee."
 But the wee thing hang at her mither's brat,
 An' a drap aye sprang tō her ee.

Oh, wha may reckon the dower o' luve
 In a kin'ly bairnie's breast,
 Ere the warld's fingers hae drawn their coil
 Roun' a' that Heaven hauds best ?

Frae the auld man's heart a blessin' flow'd,
 Which his tongue it couldna frame ;
 But the Power that guides the weel-aim'd shaft
 Ken'd weel the gait it came.

HIC JACET DERMID.

Here Dermid lies ; to rove and rhyme nae mair,
 But done to death by bitter fell despair.
 Here lies a man whose lofty thoughts did rise
 From heart attuned to noblest symphonies ;

A life unsullied, and a mind serene,
Refined wit, and judgment terse and keen,
A heart aglow with virtue, truth, and love,
And manners meek and gentle as the dove.
From Wisdom's page he chose, with subtle ken,
A varied lore in Nature, books, and men.
With tact and skill he bent the pliant youth
To deeds of virtue, and to words of truth ;
And, where the sage preceptor ceased to guide,
His bright example all the lack supplied.
With tender sympathy, and fervid zeal,
His chiefest joy was ever human weal ;
To teach the downcast spirit to aspire,
And wake in slumbering breasts their dormant fire.
Thus, evermore, on noble thoughts ybent,
His kindly heart its latest throb hath spent.
Rest, Dermid. Friend of Friends, a long adieu.
Let tearful memory oft this mound bedew.
Here Dermid lies—the brave, the kind, the true.



“WHERE IS HE?”—JOB XIV. 10.
IN MEMORY OF AN AGED AND MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND.

Where is he ? Underneath that verdant mound
With solemn knell and dismal dirges thrust,
Where tearful mem’ry guards as holy ground
That dear nonentity—our kindred dust ?
Alas ! vague limit to an earth-born trust !
Time’s ceaseless billows, rolling year on year,
Make speedy answer to our yearning quest—
Write “dust to dust” the *doom* of death’s career ;
While Faith triumphant echoes “No, he is *not* here.”

Where is he ? Ask that gravéd monument ;
Whose simple *in memoriam* thus supplies
The sum and issue of the dread event,
With conscious assurance, “Here he lies.”
What ! will this stolid voice of stone suffice—
This Omega of frail mortality—
To feed the hope that dwells beyond the skies,
That inly essence of divinity
Which tells of life to come, vast as Eternity ?

Where is he ? Whisper to our hearts, oh, Faith !
Sweet consolation in their misery ;
Incarnate Love, that pluck’d the sting from Death,
And robb’d Corruption of its victory.

Where is he ? Hear each smiling grace reply,
Up-pointing to the bright celestial dome,
" Mourner, lift up thy sorrow-streaming eye,
Within yon mansions fair beyond the tomb
Thy loved one is not lost, he only is gone home."

Where is he ? Let the sacred page unroll
Its priceless stores of mercy, love, and peace.
'Tis God's own finger prints the living scroll—
The sinner's hope, the Christian's resting-place.
The good man dies not—past his hard won race—
With throne, with crown, with robe resplendent drest,
At God's right hand, a sure abiding-place,
In fadeless glory ne'er to be exprest,
He lives and reigns for aye, his earthworn soul at rest.

IN MEMORIAM.

WEE BRUCIE, AGED 10 MONTHS.

Wee Brucie, tender suff'rer, now at rest ;
His brief and painful hour of suffering o'er,
Is safely pillow'd on *His* gentle breast,
Where tears are dry, and pain is known no more.
Faith knows this all, yet still our tears will pour,
(May hope in reason's ear breathe sooth alloy.)
Forbid them not, they dull the aching sore,

The tear-dew'd cheek, the heart-consuming sigh,
And mother's yearning wail—"Oh God! my child, my
boy."

We could not keep him. Should we wish to keep
Whom Heaven, in doubtless wisdom, wills away;
In sin and sorrow here to pine and weep,
Delusive joys, distraction, and decay?
When now he smiles in sunless, endless day,
With raiment spotless, and with glistening crown,
Where saints and angels carol praise alway.
When myriad cycles, rolling swift, have flown,
Their glory still undimm'd, their end of years unknown.

"Suffer to come to me," the Saviour cries,
"Your tender babes, of such my kingdom is."
Lo! Heaven's lore, hid from the great and wise,
Streams, full, replete, on infant souls like his.
Ah, weary mourner! message such as this
May surely comfort to the mind impart,
And teach resign'd the chastening rod to kiss;
Since He, and only He who flings the dart,
Can bind the bruised reed—can heal the broken heart.

Rise from the dust, grief-stricken ones, and dry
The dewy tears that on your eyelids gleam,
Nor vex yon radiant seraph throned on high
In gorgeous bliss whereof ye dare not dream.
We cannot re-infuse the vital stream,

Nor pour on darken'd orbs the visual flame ;
But when our loved ones leave us (as we deem),
Triumphant faith can lead us to exclaim—
“They cannot come to us, Lord, lead thou us to them.”

Have we not seen, with weary languid eye,
The mother watching o'er a dying bed ;
Despair, relief, commingled in the sigh
That meets the anxious whisper—“He is dead.”
The child is dead ! No ! only the bark is sped
That wafts the Spirit to the glorious shore
Of endless love. Oh may our souls be led
To pause, and ponder, marvel, and adore.
Alive he lived as dead, now dead, lives evermore.

THE LARK IS COME AGAIN.

Step oot my wayward wanton muse, in measure wild
an' free ;
Attune your reed to blythest strains o' mirth an' jollity.
Though cauldrife Winter's icy claw benumb the heart
an' brain,
We'll croon anither canty sang :—the lark is come
again.
The lark is come again, my frien's,
The lark is come again ;
We'll lilt anither canty sang ;—the lark is come again.

Ower hill an' dale where heapin' drifts wreathe braid,
an' deep, an' high;
Or wheeling through the 'wilder'd lift the eddying
snowflakes fly;
Or where, the gurgling burns upchoked, the Boreau
bonds enchain;
Ho, Winter! doff thy icy crown—the lark is come again.
The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.

Mark we the prim wee buds unfauld, soft-opening
day by day;
Slim-pointing verdure decks the lawn, and daisies dot
the brae.
Join we the hearty woodlan' choir. All hail the genial
reign
Of life an' love, of mirth an' song—the lark is come
again.
The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.

The merle's rich full-pealing notes ring echoing through
the grove;
The mavis in the hawthorn lilts her calm, sweet tale
o' love;
Far up in yon grey feathery cloud a grand heart-
rousing strain
Proclaims the vocal chief's return—the lark is come
again.
The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.



I love to seek the woodland glade when dewy-bosom'd
morn

Awakes the blackbird in the brake, the linnet in the
thorn.

From glen an' shaw on willing wing, breaks forth the
vocal train

To lift the joyous voice of Spring,—the lark is come
again.

The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.

Oh, list what pearls of melody, stream'd forth o'er
moor and lawn,

Keen piercing through the dappled cloud, anticipate
the dawn;

Where yon ethereal minstrel soars, on quivering pinions
fain

To meet the morning in the clouds,—the lark is come
again.

The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.

Oh how I love, ere rosy morn stirs up the tuneful
grove,

In liquid ripple, soft and warm, the larks young tale
of love:

While gushing, grand, wild melody fills the empyrean
fane,

Till fancy hears the angels sing—the lark is come again

The lark is come again, my frien's, etc.

Voice of the morning, hail ! all hail ! thy simple song
once more
Upheaves my heart from wintry gloom, in kindlier
spheres to soar ;
In kindling strains of hope and joy, to join, in glad
refrain,
The herald of the infant year—the lark is come again.
 The lark is come again, my frien's,
 The lark has come again ;
We'll lilt anither canty sang—the lark is come again.

SING NOT TO ME.

Oh sing not to me of the myrtles and roses,
 The balm-laden zephyr, and gay orange grove ;
Where, servile and listless, a bondsman reposes,
 Who recks not of freedom, and dreams not of love.
But sing me of Scotland—her glens and her mountains,
 Where strong-hearted Freedom strides fearless and
 gay,
Through forest and valley, by streamlets and fountains,
 Where wild native sweets garnish greenwood and
 brae.
Then sing me of Scotia, and proudly together
 The chorus of freemen exultingly swell.
Hurrah ! for the land of the red blooming heather,
 The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue
 bell !

The palm-wreath of freedom immortal shall flourish ;
 Unbent by oppression, untarnished by shame ;
While still, as of yore, in our bosoms we cherish
 The spirit that breathes through the records of fame.
With gallant heart bounding, with bright claymore
 wheeling,
Proud victory rides on the plumes of the brave ;
While, wildly majestic, the warpipe is pealing
 The slogan of Freedom—the dirge of the slave.
Then hey ! for the lads in the bonnet and feather ;
 Brave sons of the heath, and the crag, and the
 fell !
And ho ! for the land of the red blooming heather,
 The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue bell !

A fame as enduring in song and in story,
 And sacred, though homely its virtues may prove,
Encircles the fair-spreading laurels with glory
 That bloom on the altars of beauty and love.
Then, oh, may the springs of the tender emotion,
 Still fresh, and untainted by guile or by art,
In full-teeming fountains of ardent devotion,
 Well forth from the core of each true Scottish heart.
With joy-beaming smiles, love and beauty together,
 Come, join in our song, and our dreaming dispel.
With a cheer for the land of the red blooming
 heather,
The broom, and the birk, and the bonnie blue bell !





LILTS O' LUVE.



TO ————— —————.

SWEET maiden, on the shrine of youthful love,
This humble rustic offering I lay ;
To thee, the sunlight of my vernal day,
Whose golden rays the starless gloom remove,
That, nimbus-like, around my earthway lours,
And clogs with chill embrace the laggard hours.

Simple the strains, and all unapt to wake
The shoul'der'd embers of a mutual flame ;
No wanton impulse mine,—my earnest aim
A tribute meet for sacred friendship's sake.
Be mine the meed, as mine the pleasing toil,
To win, for friendship's gift, a gracious smile.

Oh that my pen could trace, in tones of fire,
 (Bright as the diamond lustre of thine eye,
 Aglow with love and tender constancy)
 The sweet emotions which my willing lyre
 Would fain embalm in world-circling song,
 And to all time the echoing notes prolong.

Then would my swelling numbers proudly raise
 A lofty pæan, worthy of the theme ;
 A meet reflection of the love supreme
 That pays its homage thus in artless phrase.
 Let cheerful will unskilful deed atone :
 Such as it is, 'tis thine, and thine alone.

WHAT IS LUVE ?

CHAPTER I.

She danced an' she sang the hale day lang,
 Liltin' as blythe as the bird on the bough ;
 For never a dart had dinted her heart,
 And never a sorrow had dwelt on her brow.
 They tauld her aft she was sweet and fair ;
 Wi' her clustering ringlets o' gouden hair ;
 An' her cheek like the rosebud dipp'd in dew ;
 An' her laughin' een o' the saftest blue ;
 An' her lips, where dewy sweets repose,
 An' the dimplin' smile bewitchin' glows ;



An' her bosom that heaved like a snowy tide
An' her fairy form in its virgin pride.
She heard them a', but she heeded nane,
An' aye she danced an' she sang.
'Twas late an' air the same refrain,
An' fu' lightly the burden rang—
Luve is Naething.

CHAPTER II.

'Twas gloaming hour, in a greenwood bower,
An' a youth an' a maiden were stan'in' there ;
A coy sweet grace in her blushing face,
In his a wistfu', eager air.
As he press'd her wee saft han' fu' fain,
An' he didna pu' it back again,
He whispered—I kenna what he said,
But aye she blushed an' held doon her heid ;
While pleasure glow'd in her downcast eye,
An' her warm heart thrill'd wi' ecstasy.
A moment's pause, an' her heart stood still,
As her lips scarce moved a fond "I will."
Then he gripp'd her close to his eager breast.
I looked nae mair. Ye maun guess the rest.
But still she sings the leelang day,
In anither strain, I trow :
An' aye the burden o' the lay
Runs lightly through an' through—
Luve is Something.

CHAPTER III.

The village maids sing in a joyous ring,
 An' dance fu' gay in the greenwood dells,
 As merrily peal, o'er hill an' dale,
 The voice of the blythesome bridal bells.
 They wreath the altar wi' simmer flowers,
 Fresh cull'd frae Nature's loveliest bowers ;
 An' his bosom glows wi' a manly pride
 As he gazes on his winsome bride ;
 An' the maids, in their snawy bridal gear,
 Are lily pale in their maiden fear.
 Then the white-robed priest his blessing spoke,
 That knits their souls in a silken yoke.
 An' a' the warld is witness now
 O' their solemn-plighted mutual vow.
 And still she sings, and her low sweet voice
 Thrills fresh from her warm hearts' core.
 And kindred-echoing souls rejoice.
 Oh still may her fond heart pour
 The same glad chorus evermore—
 Luve is A'thing.



MY DREAM BRIDE.

I saw her in my dream. Oh, she was fair!
The very image of the raptur'd thought
That oft in fancy's fervid brain had wrought
Unspeakable perfection. In her air
Was maiden purity, shy, virtuous pride,
And conscious power, that might not be denied.

A silvery light around her features played,
Her pulsing temples shaded with a fringe
Of rich brown tresses, with the faintest tinge
Of auburn radiance, when the sunbeams strayed
In flattering fondness through the clustering fold,
Varying the hue with tints of living gold.

Her eyes, the mirrors of her inner soul,
Shone with a mingled tenderness and joy.
No "light o' luve," but only naïve and coy,
Braving conventionality's control,
To sympathise with Nature's vital plea
That sanctifies love's sacred secrecy.

A smile, scarce visible, roam'd o'er her face,
And over all a simple charm diffused.
Her arching brow, her cheek, her lip, suffused
With modest tokens of an artless grace,
Which from the heart in teeming measure flowed,
And which, scarce meant to bliss, such bliss bestowed.

The fairy outlines of her form surprised.
 Her fair proportions in the mellow light,
 Her maiden fulness, fresh and exquisite,
 Were framéd in a mould that realised
 The fond ideals of the classic page—
 The theme of raptured song in every age.

I loved. What marvel had I worshippéd ?
 (For still methought the visioned form was real)
 And all my soul was lost in fervent zeal
 Of admiration ; and the flame was fed
 With longings strange, no heart could e'er repress,
 And rapt amaze at such pure loveliness.

I wooed. Nor vainly, for the maiden smiled
 As maidens smile in tactless innocence.
 No high-bred blush, no pout, no vague pretence,
 Enough, the simple faith that reconciled
 Untainted thoughts with accents void of art,
 And weighed aright the beatings of the heart.

And so passed hours and years. In dreamland still ;
 For time is naught in reckoning of dreams ;
 Enchanted Nature leaves her wonted streams.
 Fated they seem to mock the subtle skill
 Of human ken. So mine, of heavenly birth,
 Pourtrayed a bliss too pure, I fear, for earth.

We lived a lifetime in one hour of sleep :
A life that still my waking memory haunts,
Even as the soaring spirit ever pants
For something unattainable. I weep
That such a prize my phantom bride should prove,
And such a phantom every earthly love.

How oft, ah man ! such palaces of sand
Are cherished hopes and deeds of high emprise ;
Ay, even the mounting thoughts we fondly prize,
As fitted Fate's condition to command.
Unstable all corrode with world rust,
And at the touch they crumble into dust.

MINE NO MORE.

Oh, Drongan woods are bricht an' green,
An' Coila's budding braes are fair ;
When Spring unfaulds ilk classic scene
That gilds the sylvan Banks o' Ayr.

The mavis warbles in the thorn,
The laverock spurns the dewy spray,
On wings of love and homage borne
To meet the fresh'ning vernal ray.

A' roun' me beauty, love **and** joy :
 I, I alone, maun sorrow dree,
 To mourn, in strains o' sad annoy,
 A lovely maiden's cruelty.

Ye sacred groves where Mary stray'd,
 Where Robin toil'd, an' loved, an' sang ;
 Tell me, fair Coila's lingering shade,
 Can sadness bide sic scenes amang ?

Gae, Coila, doff thy gay attire !
 In wintry weeds, come mourn wi' me,
 An' tune my wae-struck tremblin' lyre
 To sing o' love's inconstancy.

Ah ! she is fair as opening day,
 That tints the hills wi' gouden sheen ; .
 Blythe as the lambkin on the brae,
 An' coy an' modest is her mien.

But a' her beauty, a' her worth,
 The deeper probes the fest'ring sore,
 When mem'ry drags the fiat forth
 That tells me she is mine no more.

Cauld is the glance, an' dull the ee
 That glow'd wi' licht o' love langsyne ;
 When brightest smiles were lit for me,
 When warmest kisses a' were mine.

Ah, headlong Fate ! what wecht o' care
To mony a tentless heart ye bring ;
Like bee that sucks the rosebud fair,
Ye steal life's sweets, but—leave the sting.

Perchance, far drifted frae my side,
Rude toss'd on Fortune's giddy stream,
She'll mourn the wayward restless pride
That quenched the licht o' love's young dream.

Perchance, o'erwhelmed by sorrow's wave
(How fast life's hopes and pleasures flee),
She'll seek her lover's lonely grave,
And sigh—"He lived, he *died* for me."

RESTORED.

Oh whaur hae ye been, my ain leal luve,
This seven lang years an' mair ?
I hae waited an' watched, I hae hoped an' dreamed,
Till my een an' my heart were sair.

This seven lang years I hae dree'd my weird,
Fu' sad, an' eke fu' fain ;
For hope sung sangs o' saft repose,
The owercome o' dool an' pain.

An' oh ! the wecht o' those weary hours !
Hoo slowly they sped away.
Though noo, as I gaze on the bygane years,
Ilk year seems but a day.

But hours may lag, an' years may speed,
But I ken'd *she* couldna dee,
Whase image leeved in my benmost heart,
Embalm'd in my memorie.

An' aye as I thocht on her peerless charms,
An' aye as their praise I sang,
I dream'd we roved, as in days langsyne,
The broomy braes amang.

We sat ance mair by a lanely cliff
By the Solway's restless tide ;
An' the ripple an' splash o' the creamy surf
Sang merrily by our side.

Luve laugh'd in her ee sae saft an' broon,
An' danced in her gouden hair,
An' dimpled the rose on her sunny cheek,
Sae sweet, an' oh ! sae fair.

An' she spak in tones that thrill'd my heart
Like distant music's swell,
Or the mingled hum o' dewy eve
Frae some far-aff dreamy dell.

Oh, dear was the form that shone sae fair
In fancy's meteor gleam :
An' oh the stoun' ! when memory woke,
An' fand it was a' a dream.

But my heart is hale, an' I'm wauken'd noo,
An' I ken what's to be blest ;
An' the past, wi' a' its doubts and dreams,
Is lost in sae sweet a rest.

For the touch o' time canna wear the heart
On true love's altar shrin'd ;
Nor can distance cleave the sacred ties
That kindred spirits bind.

A winsome face is bent on mine,
Wi' a saft, sweet licht in its ee—
A glint o' that dream o' bliss langsyne,
By the winding Links o' Cree.

An' I ken that my luve, my ain leal luve,
Has aye been true to me ;
Nae mair a fancy-fever'd dream,
But a sweet reality.

Then come to my arms, my ain leal luve,
An' oh creep close to my heart ;
An' safe in the faith o' a weel-tried love,
We'll never, never part.

WILL YE BUCKLE WI' ME?

Noo dark eerie Winter is fled ower the fell,
 An' Spring's fairy fingers, at wark in the dell,
 Gars beauty awaken in woodland an' lea—
 Then hey! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?
 My ain bonnie lass will ye buckle wi' me?
 The joy o' my heart, an' the licht o' my ee,
 My ain bonnie lass will ye buckle wi' me?

The warm yellow sunblinks, like love's early smiles
 Enhance life's enjoyments, an' lichtlie its toils;
 While Nature, exultant, re-echoes wi' glee,
 Hey! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey! bonnie lass, etc.

The primrose unfaulds, in the howe o' the brae,
 Its young virgin bosom to welcome the ray;
 The lark's in the lift, an' the bud's on the tree,
 Then hey! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me?

Hey! bonnie lass, etc.

As blythesome as lambkins that frisk ower the knowe,
 Are glad years, when lichted by love's kindly glow.
 Sae sweet, an' sae couthie, our moments will hie,
 My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey! bonnie lass, etc.

A leal heart an' loving's the hail o' my gear,
To bless us in weal, or to tent us in weir.
A fig for their wealth ! I hae warlds in thee
My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Love's sweet hinnied tale ye may claim as your due,
But I canna weel tell't for my heart is sae fu' ;
But brawly ye ken that my heart winna jee
Frae my ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Noo kindly, my luve, to my saft tale incline.
Ye min' hoo ye stinted my raptures langsyne,
When I scarce gat a smile, or a blink o' your ee.
Hark noo, bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me ?

Hey ! bonnie lass, etc.

Then smile an' consent, lassie, winsome an' leal,
Wi' a kiss to the bargain, oor paction to seal.
Through life's sunny moments hoo happy we'll be,
My ain bonnie lass, gin ye buckle wi' me.

Hey ! bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me ?

My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me ?

The joy o' my heart, an' the licht o' my ee,

My ain bonnie lass, will ye buckle wi' me ?

MAGGIE, WHEN THOU ART BESIDE ME.

Maggie, when thou art beside me,
Such a peace thy presence brings,
I can fancy round my spirit
That an angel's garment clings :
And the gross, uncertain pleasures
On life's fitful breezes toss'd,
Faintly flutter, pale, and vanish,
In the sweet enchantment lost,
Of the fair and radiant lustre
Of a purer, holier light,
In my wakeful heart creating
Realms of exquisite delight.

Maggie, when thou art beside me,
From the glamour of thine eye,
Rich in sympathetic feeling,
Doubt and trouble ever fly.
Oh ! the wealth of loving-kindness
Deep in gentle woman's heart ;
Easing dark oppression's burden,
Soothing chilling sorrow's smart.
Priceless is the tear of pity,
More than richest balm of Ind,
Dropping in the wounded spirit,
Tender, womanly, and kind.

Maggie, when thou art beside me,
And my longing eyes the while
Meeting thine, so arch and playful,
Love rebuking with a smile :
When I feel the latent fervour
Of the heaven-descending flame,
Bounding through my quickened pulse-beats
Like a flood I may not tame :
Then the past, the present, future,
Earth, and all in earth that be,
Like a morning dream evanish ;
Naught remain but love and thee.

Maggie, when thou art beside me,
And I press thy hand in mine,
While the music of thy whisper
Fills me with a thrill divine,
I can hear my wild heart beating ;
Sweet one, canst thou hear it too ?
Canst thou feel the ardent pulsings,
Nor believe I *must* be true ?
Not the magic of thy beauty
Fires the wanton stream of youth ;
Strongest passion lives on virtue,
Warmest love is fed on truth.

Maggie, when thou art beside me,
And thy constancy appears

Deepening as the life-stream rushes
 Down the current of the years ;
 Ever dearer, still, and fairer,
 Till the restless voyage close,
 Anchor'd in the peaceful haven
 Of an undisturbed repose.
 Haste ! oh haste ! thou glad to-morrow,
 Fondly link'd heart in heart.
 Maggie, when thou art beside me,
 Never, never more to part.

PEGGY'S PORTRAIT.

Mony beauties, Peggy, circle
 Roun' thy rosy cheek ;
 In amang the dimples joukin',
 Like bairns at hide an' seek.
 Shyly, coyly, *vainly* joukin',—
 Beauty winna hide—
 Only multiplying dangers,
 Silly *we* maun bide.

Mony graces, Peggy, flutter
 'Mang thy ringlets fair,
 Floating like a fairy's tresses
 On the summer's air.

Dancing, flitting, like the shadows
Through the beechen grove :
Can it be (oh answer, "Never !")
Emblem of thy love ?

Mickle mischief lurks, my Peggy,
In thy ee sae brown ;
Mony fell an' scornfu' glances,
Mony a deidly woun'.
Yet fu' aft the teardrop welling
Silently can tell,
O' the routh o' luv'e an' feeling
Underneath that dwell.

Mickle sweetness, Peggy, clusters
On thy coral lip ;
Oh the bliss, frae sic a rosebud
Nectar sweets to sip.
While ye whisper, saft an' tender,
Words o' hope and love ;
To the ear soft murmur'd echoes
O' heaven's bliss above.

Mickle love, my Peggy, kindles
In thy bosom leal ;
Cruel words an' scornfu' glances
Canna a' conceal ;

Canna quench the sparks that tremble
 Wi' a glow divine,
 Though behind a cloud they linger,
 Starlike there they shine.

These, the charms o' form an' feature,
 Flourish and decay,
 Like the flowers that bloom an' wither
 In a summer's day.
 Naught but heart-enshrined perfections,
 Endless, boundless, prove.
 All the virtues, all the graces,
 Mingle, lost in love.

MY LASSIE FAR AWA.

Oh bonnie are the Banks o' Ayr
 In simmer's floory pride ;
 An' loesome lasses, fair an' kin',
 By sylvan Coila bide ;
 But fairer, purer, sweeter, far,
 There's ane that bears the gree ;
 My bonnie lassie far awa
 Is dearer aye to me.

But wha may be that peerless ane,
Ye'll aiblins like to ken,
'Mang a' the witchin' fairy queens
That bide at oor toon en'?
Should I but half her charms disclose,
Ye couldna fail to see
What maks the lassie far awa
The dearest aye to me.

Oh sweet's the balmy breath of May
Saft-whisperin' ower the fell;
An' sweet's the rosebud's opening blush,
That decks the briery dell:
But a' their charms, thrice multiplied,
How sweet soe'er they be,
Ae smile o' her that's far awa
Is sweeter far to me.

The lairock lilts hie in the lift,
The mavis in the shaw;
Ane hails the blush o' dewy morn,
Ane heralds e'enin's fa'.
Oh, gin my heart could teach my lips
Sic melting melody,
How I wad praise my ain sweet lass,
That's aye sae dear to me

The lambkins friskin' ower the braes
 In innocence an' glee,
Bring aye to min' her peerless worth,
 An' stainless purity.
I ken her heart is true an' leal,
 Her love can never jee.
My bonnie lass, though far awa,
 Will kindly think on me.

Ye Pooers, wha tent the lover's wile,
 Wha ken the lover's heart,
Oh fondly guard, an' kindly smile
 On her my dearest part;
Till love shall crown my fondest hopes,
 An' never mair I'll lea
My bonnie lassie far awa,
 That's aye sae dear to me.

A LOVER'S COMPLAYNT.

In the waste of years before me,
 Care-disturb'd and fear-opprest,
Shall my heart ne'er cease its throbbing?
 Shall I never be at rest?



Life and love, vague dreamland shadows !
Fain I grasp, but grasp in vain ;
Fluttering round my heart they leave me
Naught but discord, dool, and pain.

Crowds of spectre fancies rising—
Roaming ceaseless through my brain,
Only feed the spirit-striving,
Nor relax the spirit-strain.

Mem'ry-hallow'd forms and voices—
Ties that time can pall nor part,
Fill the holy inner circle,
 Crowd the highways to the heart.

But their touch, though soft and tender,
Cannot thrill the vital key ;
Leave untuned the chord of feeling,
Yearning still for sympathy.

And the great rude world about me,
Voiceless, heartless, stern, and cold,
Harshly spurns the soul-aspiring,
Clogs the heart with earthly mould.

One I see whose pure perfections,
Wrestle with the inward woe :
These the eyes could light to conquest
These the hands the palm bestow.

This the heart whose inly whispers,
Tuned to harmony divine,
Could awake responsive echoes,
Struggling, strangled, lost in mine.

But the heart is chill and nerveless,
And the pulsebeats dull and tame,
And my wild impulsive longings,
Self-consume with hopeless flame.

Ah, 'tis weary, living—striving,
When the heart is charr'd with pain ;
Smiling when the heart is aching,
Breathing when the life is vain.

Oh, would some indulgent spirit,
All the mysteries impart,
Of the hidden counter-currents,
Flowing through a woman's heart ;

All her doings, all her sayings,
To their centre-springs unfold.
Can she smile, and, smiling, sting us,
Or, at once, be kind and cold ?

All in vain the invocation.
We must love, and hope, and bear ;
Toiling, waiting, erring, trusting,
Is our human portion here.

Shall we then, as idle dreamers,
Bend ignoble in the fray ;
Or in self-assuring torpor
Idly wait the brighter day ?

Losing manhood's noble birthright—
Power to do, and will to dare—
Till the stream of doubting merges
In the ocean of despair ;

Or shall we our fate encounter,
Strong of heart, and stern of brow ;
Meeting discontent and trouble,
Foot to foot, and blow for blow.

Cease, my heart, thy fond repining,
Use the lore thy trials give,
Feeling that to love and suffer,
Are but lessons how to live.

In the ways of truth and virtue,
We may school our wayward heart,
Even from our sorrows' ashes,
How to choose the wiser part.

BONNIE WINSOME JESSIE.

Cauld blaws the win' along the street,
Wi' dark December's blindin' sleet;
But licht's my heart when gaun to meet
My bonnie, winsome Jessie.

Her face is fair, her heart an' mind,
Are innocence an' wit combin'd,
An' aye to me sae sweet an' kind
Is bonnie, winsome Jessie.

My faither's jeers, my mither's scorn,
My tittie's spleen maun a' be borne;
Because, forsooth, I'll stay till morn
To coort my winsome Jessie.

Oh, could they ken what raptures sweet,
Enchain my heart wi' bliss complete,
Those sacred moments when I meet
My bonnie, winsome Jessie.

But spite o' a', or kith or kin,
Wha in my Jessie fauts may fin',
The heart I've won, the han' I'll win
O' bonnie, winsome Jessie.

An' by her charms that roun' me wove,
The mystic ties o' tender love,
The heart that's hers can never rove
Frae bonnie, winsome Jessie.

THE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN'S SERENADE.

Away to the hills, to the vales, love,
To the forest free and wide,
Where slumber the gentle gales, love,
Where the mountain streamlets glide.

The chieftain's home is dear, love ;
In the depth of the forest brown ;
The chieftain's lot is drear, love,
And lacks but thee alone.

My arm hath strength and skill, love,
Want ne'er shall come to thee
While wild deer roam the hill, love,
Or fishes skim the sea.

I'll skim the dusky tarn, love,
And bring thee its savoury store ;
And thy dainty hands I'll learn, love,
To wield the feathery oar.

'Mid his wildest haunts I'll chase, love,
The fleet-limb'd mountain deer;
And bring, our board to grace, love,
The hunter's hardy cheer.

And my bright claymore shall guard, love,
From danger's every toil,
And dear will be my reward, love,
In one sweet favouring smile.

Where the sweeping cascade gleams, love,
Like a twinkling silver line,
We will hide from the noontide beams, love,
In the deep-sunk silent glen :

And a wreath for thee I'll twine, love,
Of the harebell and violet blue;
'Mong thy raven locks 'twill shine, love,
A crown for the fair and true.

When the laughing moon shines bright, love,
And the twinkling stars we see,
We will watch them with delight, love,
My arm supporting thee;

And the mavis' vesper hymn, love,
My darling shall lull to rest,
Till morn of bliss to dream, love,
Thy head upon my breast.

My heart, though stern, is true, love,
And oh ! 'tis true to thee ;
Oh that its depth you knew, love,
How soon you'd follow me.

Uncouth and rude my lays, love,
Unskill'd in the lover's art ;
But shun a flatterer's praise, love,
And, oh ! believe the heart.

Away to the hills, to the vales, love,
To the forest free and wide !
Let truth and faith prevail, love,
Oh come, and be my bride.

THE MAGGIES O' THE MANSE.

PART I.

The Maggies o' the Manse, man,
They're winsome kimmers baith.
The Maggies o' the manse, man,
They sune will be my death.

Yon witchin' queen wi' hazel een,
Or her wi' roguish glance ;
Or ane, or baith, they'll be my death,
Thae Maggies o' the Manse.

Their airtfu' wiles, their blinks an' smiles,
 Hae venom'd Cupid's lance ;
 Oh, spare your charms, that work sic harms,
 Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

The care an' strife o' wedded life
 Fu' aft breeds fell mischance ;
 Far better bide a guid auld maid,
 Fair Maggies o' the Manse.

Let wooers come—ne'er fash your thoom,
 Or jeer them 'a to France ;
 Their hinnied words are poisoned swords,
 Dear Maggies o' the Manse.

Or, gin ye will, wi' tenty skill,
 On Cupid's snares advance,
 A frien's advice, oh, ne'er despise,
 Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

'Ware B——y's tongue, wi' venom'd prong,
 Like needle's point or lance ;
 My coonsel tak, nor prudence lack,
 Dear Maggies o' the Manse.

As shallow burns, wi' noisy turns,
 Ower channery channels dance ;
 Sae pratlin' joes hae witless pows,
 Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

Tak tent o' him, at gloamin' dim,
Wi' soft and slee pretence;
An' shun the smile o' young A—y—le,
Fair Maggies o' the Manse.

But oh, there's ane ye maunna ken
(Ye'll guess his name perchance);
His heart is fired, his pen's inspired
By Maggies o' the Manse.

Nae practised wiles, nae serpent smiles
Nae fause decoyin' glance;
His heart is true, an' a' for you,
Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

The Maggies o' the Manse, man,
They're winsome kimmers baith.
The Maggies o' the Manse, man,
They sune will be my death.

THE MAGGIES O' THE MANSE.

PART II.

Gae scart your loaf, ye cauldridge coof,
Sic counsels to advance,
Puir selfish soul, wha wad control
The Maggies o' the Manse.

But I've nae fears, my dainty dears
 See through his sleet pretence ;
 My mannie, watch, ye meet your match,
 I' the Maggies o' the Manse.

At luve he jeers wi' pointless sneers,
 An' caustic smiles askance ;
 Yet a' the while his wing he'll trail
 Roun' Maggies o' the Manse.

Vile hypocrite ! there, daud him yet
 It's war *a la outrance*,
 For sic a crime, nae mercy gie 'm,
 Fair Maggies o' the Manse.

Cheer up your heart, nor e'er desert
 Auld Nature's common sense ;
 An' she, I trow, the richt will show,
 Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

True luve will spring on viewless wing,
 Wi' angel's innocence,
 When frosty souls despairing howl,
 Dear Maggies o' the Manse.

Your charms, endear'd to some ane's heart,
 Life's thin-sawn joys enhance,
 As, rapture sweet ! he hies to meet
 His Maggie o' the Manse.

Ye ken the gate, at half-past eight,
When gloamin' shades advance,
That tender kiss, heart-meltin' bliss,
Oh ! Maggie o' the Manse.

Ye powers above, wha order love,
Oh, ward off a' mischance ;
May virtue reign, nor falsehood stain
The Maggies o' the Manse.

While tender kiss—while chaste embrace—
Your meltin' souls entrance,
O be discreet, an' keep your feet,
Fair Maggies o' the Manse.

Just frame your choice by my advice,
Gie love an honest chance :
His power, depend, will never end,
Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

Undimm'd by time, the tender flame—
Love's glorious heaven-lit glance,—
Wi' brightening ray, shall beam for aye,
Sweet Maggies o' the Manse.

While ye deplore, oh, kindly o'er
His imperfections glance,
Wha fain wad prove the friend to love,
And Maggies o' the Manse.

VENI. VIDI. VICI.

I came. I had heard of the wondrous gem,
The world was fill'd with its fame ;
And my heart in a moment was cast on her shrine,
For I loved her whenever *I came*.

I saw—that the fairest of flowers has a thorn,
The tenderest bosom to gnaw.
The purer the love, the more bitter the scorn :
Her pride in a moment *I saw*.

I conquered. But no, not that cold, cruel heart.
The wounds that her beauty had reft
Were healed by the pride would have venom'd the dart.
I conquered my passion, and left.

SWEET IS THE MOONLIGHT.

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
When day's dull prose is o'er ;
When life is all a fairy dream,
And earth an Eden bower ;
When the zephyr's murmur, soft and sad,
Seems to mourn the parting day,
As a mother hushes her slumb'ring babe
With the softest lullaby.

Dreaming, musing, thus to stray
By the sacred trysting grove,
Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
And bright is the star of love.

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
When all around us rest,
And each pealing chord that thrill'd on high
Is hushed in the warblers' breast.
How my heart swell'd with the joyous throng,
While the vespers rent the sky,
Her name the keynote of my song,
Her praise my melody.
But the thrush's is silent now,
Silent the woodland dove ;
And sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
And bright the star of love.

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
When life is light and young ;
When truth and honour fill the heart,
And the heart speaks with the tongue,
When mutual confidence and love,
In kindred souls are wed ;
Oh, who would live for love of life,
When the life of love is dead.
My darling, come, I have waited long
Your plighted heart to prove ;

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
And bright is the star of love.

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
When none but thou art near,
And the love that swells my throbbing heart,
I can pour into thine ear ;
And away in thy great, deep, hazel eye,
I can read thy inmost heart,—
I can fondly con thy peerless worth,
And learn how dear thou art :
Till we forget we are of earth,
Such heavenly bliss we prove,
So sweet, oh how sweet, in the moonlight,
'Neath the virgin star of love.

Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight :
But lacks one star for me ;
One bright pole star whose magnet power
Can draw my heart to thee.
It lacks one heart whose living glow
Responsive glow can claim,
To kindle anew love's sacred fire—
Two hearts in one pure flame.
Oh, come ! my heart is burning,
Like yon gem in its dark alcove.
Sweet, oh how sweet, is the moonlight,
And bright is the star of love.

COLIN'S LAMENT.

Hark ! through the vale whence comes this doleful strain,

That chills the joyous love-tuned voice of May.

'Tis Colin, blythest of the shepherd train,

Laments his love with sad heart-rending lay :—

“ Oh cruel Morag ! pitiless as fair,

Oh deign to ease thy lover's bursting breast !

Thy charms have bound me fast in Cupid's snare,

And cruel Morag will not give me rest.”

“ Now joyous love-inspiring summer sheds

Fair nature's beauties fresh o'er hill and dale ;

And am'rous songsters, warbling overhead,

Renew their loves in summer's balmy gale.

And yet, amid this gay and festive scene,

By Morag's pride my bruiséd heart is torn ;

And I, of all, must drag pale sorrow's chain,

Alone, unloved, unfriended, and forlorn.

“ No more the gladsome, love-tuned voice of Spring,

With kindred echoes shall my soul inspire ;

No more through summer's balmy gales shall ring,

To Morag's praise, my simple rustic lyre.

Soon, soon I'll be where love's capricious wiles

No more shall wound this fond and faithful breast,

Unmoved alike by woman's frowns and smiles,

Poor, weary, love-lorn Colin then shall rest.

I KENNA WHAT'S COME OWER ME.

Some strange dilemma's come, I fear,
My frien's a' say I'm grown sae queer.
Oh, could your wisdom mak it clear,
Then tell me what's come ower me.

My words that once were smart an' free,
Quite absent noo, at random flee,
The neibors laugh—nae doot they see,
An' won'er what's come ower me.

I like a lanely walk at een,
When dewy blinks the daisied green ;
An' whiles a mist steals ower my een,
I kenna what's come ower me.

I like the lintie's e'enin' sang,
An' whiles in concert croon alang,
But then some thocht aye dings me wrang ;
I kenna what's come ower me.

I like the bonnie wimplin' burn
That threads the glen wi' mony a' turn ;
Where glimmerin' siller cascades mourn.
I kenna what's come ower me.

Aft, in my freaks (the neibors tell),
I'll doiter roun' by Nickie's well,
An', fule-like, blether to mysel,
I won'er what's come ower me.

A happy wretchedness entrals
My heid, my heart, my life, my all ;
A serious something must befall,
To prove what is't comes ower me.

An' aye a vision, angel fair,
Floats wi' my thochts as licht as air.
Oh ! tantalising heaven ! spare.
I kenna what's come ower me.

But a' my symptoms to rehearse,
Wad far exceed my simple verse ;
Losh ! even my rhyme is growin' scarce,
I won'er what's come ower me.

No that it merits my abuse,
I ask what could this change produce.
If it's no that *vision* plays the deuce
I kenna what's come ower me.

DINNA LET US PAIRT.

Dinna let us pairt in anger,
 Weel ye ken my heart is true ;
 Though I maunna loe ye langer,
 Dinna sae misken me noo.

Blame me na, if, fondly dreaming,
 Fancy's meteor fingers wove
 Visions, in the distance gleaming,
 Bright wi' hope, an' warm wi' love.

Blame me na, if aspirations,
 Keenly nurtur'd, warm, and strong,
 Blindly aiding soft temptations,
 Bent my heart to guileless wrong.

Blame me na, if still I love thee ;
 If my heart warm-throbbing yet,
 Though its sighs may fail to move thee,
 Never, never can forget.

Like the bark 'mid breakers drifted,
 Tempest-tossed an' wracked enow,
 Deep an' sair my heart is rifted,
 Dinna, dinna break it through !



Ah why, my heart, this weary yearning?
 Kennin' weel hoo fondly vain,
To allay the fever'd burning,
 Or to dull the aching pain.

Haply, through the midnight shining,
 Time's soft healing touch may show
Some faint streaks of silver lining,
 Girdling the cloud of woe.

Haply may calm resignation,
 Pouring through my troubled breast
Silent streams of consolation,
 Whisper "All is for the best."

MY DAWTIE.

Trippen' ower the gowan brae,
 Licht as Lintie on the spray,
Scarce can brush the dews away.
 My Dawtie.

Cheeks the openin' rose that vie,
 Snawy broo, an' roguish ee,
Kindly blinks on nane but me.
 My Dawtie.

Laughin' dimples, Cupid's seat;
Coral lips sae hinny sweet:
Oh, to pree them sic a treat.
My Dawtie.

Blythe as ony lintie's sang
Echoin' the groves amang,
Liltin' a' the hail day lang,
My Dawtie.

Neath the gloamin's dusky veil
In the starlight calm an' pale,
Skippin' doon the dewy dale,
My Dawtie.

Wha, beneath the trystin' tree,
While her hinny moo I pree,
Whispers "Johnnie, nane maun see?"
My Dawtie.

Wha it is that is sae dear,
Doubtless ye wad like to hear.
Tell ye? Na, ye needna speir—
My Dawtie.

Hark in your lug! no lang since syne,
In yon lone glen ayont Lagwyne,
Somebody promised to be mine—
My Dawtie.

Some day or lang, gin a' things fen,
We'll get Mess John his aid to len ;
An' then, oh, joy ! the warld may ken
 My Dawtie.

THE BELLES O' BARBIESTON.

Oh fair are the maids by Coil's flowery shades,
 Sae winsome, an' bonnie, an' braw, man ;
An' Barbieston braes will ring wi' their praise,
 If my sang's worth a button ava, man.
Wi' their arts an' their wiles, their blinks an' their
 smiles,
My heart they hae split clean in twa, man :
Od ! it maist wad content me, if Providence sent me
 A fortnicht apiece wi' them a', man.

There's Hector's sweet Mary, as spry as a fairy,
 Comes trippin' alang through the shaw, man ;
Her twa pawky een are fu' kittle, I ween,
 Your heart a' in atoms to blaw, man.
If she be but as gude (an' to doubt it were rude),
 As it's weel seen she's bonnie an' braw, man.
I micht weel risk to try if she be na ower shy,
 For *that* plays the deevil wi't a', man.

Then step ower the brae to wee Maggie, they say
 She's as pure as the new driven snaw, man ;
 To listen their crack ye'd believe for a fact
 That an angel had gien us a ca', man.
 She swears that man's arms ne'er will compass her
 charms,
 An' a virgin she'll wither awa, man ;
 But I fear its a fib, for auld wives een are glib,
 An' they tell me she's trysted for't a', man.

Gae roun' by the Mill, if ye wad hae your fill
 Oh beauty an' wit, fun, an' a', man.
 I'm sure bonnie Bet wad be certain to fit,
 Set the hale rick-ma-tick in a raw, man.
 Or Mary, sae sweet, Lord ! man, it's a treat,
 She's sae winsome an' modest wi't a', man ;
 Could I tempt her to part wi' her loving bit heart,
 I wad never seek far'er ava, man.

But just cast your een on oor ain bonnie Jean,
 My faith, she's the flower o' them a', man ;
 His heart were o' stane wha wadna be fain
 A smile frae her ripe lips to draw, man.
 They tell me the lads come a courtin' in squads,
 A dizzen an' mair in a raw, man.
 Oh hae mercy, ye men ! let the lassie alone,
 Sure she canna be mate to ye a', man.

Oor wee needle-whupper, whaever may grup her,
Will never rue bargain, ava, man.
If he honestly tries, he's sure o' a prize
In a gey kittle lottery to draw, man.
She's sae handsome an' smart, I could lea' her my heart
Without ony far'er fraca, man ;
But, ah sirs ! I fear my heart could'na bear
My puir Susie to sen' to the wa', man.

MY BONNIE MAGGIE'S WRAITH.

Na, na, nae superstitious whim
Has enter'd i' my heid.
My vera saul feels aye the thrall—
The spirit-grip o' the deid.

The gouden munebeams, full an' bricht,
Cam glintin' 'mang the trees,
An' through ilka bough ran the speakin' sough
O' the languid e'enin' breeze.

I mark'd a form, where the shadows dark
Wi' the flickerin' mune did play ;
But nae footfa's tread ; no a soun' betrayed
Its awsome, noiseless, way.

I had waited lang by the stunted birk
 (Ye see, 'twas our trystin' tree),
 Sae wi' joy I thocht the figure brocht
 My heart's ain heaven to me.

At length it came to the open glade :
 'Twas my bonnie Maggie Hay,
 But a weird sad smile her face did veil,
 That was aye sae bricht an' gay.

" My Maggie, come ! " I held oot my han',
 An' my heart was in't, I trow.
 " Since the hour o' mirk, by the trystin'-birk,
 I hae waited, love, for you."

" But smile, my queen ; let a' gloomy thochts
 Frae your guileless heart remove ;
 Oh, clear that broo : I hae brocht to you
 The arms an' the heart o' love."

She started, methocht, as she heard me speak ;
 An' looked sic a look o' love.
 But never on earth had that glance its birth—
 'Twas a gleam o' heaven above.

Her smile, sae holy, calm, an' pure,
 I wad fain, e'en frae thocht, conceal ;
 But thocht *will* trace that dread embrace,
 And that peep ahint the veil.

Oh cauld embrace ! 'twas empty air.
A sigh an' then a shriek.
I maun hae swoon'd, for the neighbors found
I could neither stir nor speak.

They had heard my scream when my loving arms
Had clasp'd the shade of death ;
But they couldna feel its grasp o' steel.
Oh, the thocht o't stops my breath !

Hoo lang I lay in this leevin' death
I kenna, nor care to min' ;
For wi' ilk recall roun' my shrinking saul
The shadowy fingers twine.

Yet this silent second conscience
Nae doubt is meant for guid,
I feel its grip when my pride wad slip,
An' it checks my wayward blude.

The vera hour o' that midnicht scene
('Twas lang or they tauld me this)
The angel o' Death bore my Maggie's wraith
To a hame o' eternal bliss.

Sair, sair I strive no to repine,
Nor grudge to heaven her worth.
The Ane above took hame the love
Was ower true an' ower pure for earth.

Yet I often think that my Maggie's wraith,
 Unseen, looks o'er me still ;
 That for me are pour'd before Heaven's Lord
 The prayers for a Father's smile.

Oh, when at His word I am call'd to ford
 The great silent stream of Death,
 There I'll meet on the shore by the opening door
 My bonnie Maggie's wraith.

Na, na, nae superstitious whim .
 Has enter'd i' my heid.
 Till the hour when death ca's back my breath
 Will I feel the grip o' the deid.

LADDIE, WILL YE LO'E ME THEN ?

Laddie, sit ye doon beside me,
 Chosen mine in wae or weal,
 Weel I ken your thochts are guileless
 As your heart is warm an' leal ;
 Weel I trow your ardent passion
 (For I measure't by my ain)
 Canna thole to dream o' falsehood,
 Canna brook dishonour's stain :
 Ah ! but life has thorny byways,
 Passin' a' prophetic ken.

Wand'ring aft, an' halflins fa'in',
Laddie, will ye lo'e me then ?

Ah ! my lad, it's easy loving
When the heart is warm an' young ;
Then the vows o' love an' fealty
Drap unstinted frae the tongue.
But time with stealthy pace is creeping,
Treading out the fires of youth ;
Can his chilling breath extinguish
This devotion-kindled truth ?
When the gloamin' mists are creeping
Closer roun' life's narrow glen ;
Wasted, wintry, wan, an' feeble,
Laddie, will ye lo'e me then ?

Pictured in the lens o' passion,
Love-blanks mask the future tide ;
Tinted by the living present,
Love can trow o' nought beside.
But as rocks, an' streams, an' rapids,
Mar the river's tranquil flow ;
So our fortunes, toils, and sorrows,
Break the stream of life below.
Destiny is stern an' thrawart,
Doubtless we maun dree oor ain.
Oh, in shadow as in sunshine,
Laddie, will ye lo'e me then ?

Lichtly ye may tent my pleading,
 Luve, ye say, can never dee :
 Time, nor chance, nor fading favour,
 Canna twine your heart frae me.
 Dinna trow my luve is ebbing,
 Vague conceits sae fain to poise ;
 Nor that, cauldrie counsels pressing,
 Lichtly I repent my choice :
 Gin my heart were bared afore thee,
 In its benmost depths to ken
 A' its wealth o' true affection,
 Laddie, ye wad lo'e me then.

When wisdom grips the reins o' passion,
 Love in a' its sanctity,
 Closer welds true hearts together
 In a purer, holier tie.
 Oh my love ! my life ! my treasure !
 Capstane o' my earthly bliss !
 Lichtly judge the heart that ever
 Yearns for truest happiness.
 While the crowding future gathers
 Cares an' blessings, joy an' pain,
 Mingled in life's teeming portion,
 Laddie, laddie, lo'e me then.

A TOAST.

The lasses ! the lasses !
They're winsome an' fair,
There's nocht in the warl' can wi' them compare ;
 Yet sly an' beguiling,
 In spite o' us wilng
The hail o' oor love, an' the feck o' oor care.

The lasses ! the lasses !
They're artfu' an' coy,
The peace o' us menfolk to fash or destroy ;
 Sae pawkie an' sleekit,
 Scarce seemin' to seek it,
They mak o' oor hearts just a playock or toy.

The lasses ! the lasses !
In beauty may vie
Wi' sweet ruddy rosebud or snawdrap sae shy ;
 Sae couthie an' charmin',
 Ane's hale bosom warmin',
An' lo'esome, an' cosy, an' modest forbye.

The lasses ! the lasses !
We loe them for a'
Their plannin' an' schemin' an' wily fraca.
 Meet scauldin' wi' kissin',
 An' frowns wi' caressin',
An' a' their bit hankers hae melted awa.

The lasses ! the lasses !
 Though laithfu' to tell,
 I'm thinkin' o' takin' ane a' to mysel.
 I glower an' I swither,
 Ilk ane beats ilk ither,
 Sae my choice winna licht. Od, I'm clean at a stell !

The lasses ! the lasses !
 Confoond them ! but, hark,
 I's tie up my een an' just wale in the dark.
 For waur or for better
 We'll han'sel the fetter,
 An' tryst wi' Saunt Peter to feenish the wark.

The lasses ! the lasses !
 Though I sing till I'm hairse,
 I'll never want themes to embellish my verse,
 In form or in feature,
 Frae airt or frae nature.
 Ay, there's charms in their fauts, should I try the
 reverse.

LIFE IS LISTLESS.

Life is listless, lang, and lanesome,
 To a heart sae bruised an' torn.
 Keener aches the wound, an' deeper,
 When 'tis thou dost wield the thorn.

Mary, oh ! canst thou forget them—
Scenes an' memories o' langsyne ?
Canst thou rend the ties endearing
Love was ance sae fain to twine,

When my heart was bare before thee,
Open to its inmost thought :
When you seemed to find within it
A' the bliss that thine had sought ?

Ah ! but who may thread the mazes,
Woman's wayward fancies roam ;
Restless as the shifting shadows,
Trackless as the ocean's foam.

Ah ! for woman's faith and folly !
Thus her heartless passions stray,
When the fluttering humour beckons,
Or flattery's syren tones betray.

Fairest dreams, an' brightest prospects,
Shrivel at thy cruel touch :
Still my heart, though sorely stricken,
Cannot frame a harsh reproach.

Still a flood of softer feeling
Tempers nature's sterner plea ;
And a sigh for thy dishonour
Mingles with a sigh for thee.

THE BONNIE WEE SPARROW.

Oh, the wily young Geordie, he coorted oor Nell,
 An' Nelly, sae artless, an' bonnie an' braw,
 Though sair laith to part wi' her loving bit heart,
 She liked young Geordie the dearest o' a'.
 She's a lo'esome bit lassie,
 A modest bit lassie,
 As bonnie a lassie as ever ye saw.

Ae nicht in last May, lovely Nelly did stray
 In the gloamin' to crack wi' young Geordie a wee ;
 The blythe mavis sang till the hail echoes rang,
 An' a wee sparrow cheep'd in the auld trystin'-tree.
 'Twas a sweet-scented hawthorn,
 Ay, a sacred auld hawthorn,
 The bonniest bit hawthorn ye ever did see.

Wi' vows, sighs, an' smiles, true love's only wiles,
 The love wingéd hours, O how quickly they flee !
 Till safe in his arms she deposits her charms,
 An' the lovers sat down 'neath the auld trystin'-tree.
 Ne'er heeding the sparrow,
 The harmless wee sparrow,
 The innocent sparrow that cheep'd in the tree.

Wi' heart overflowin', he press'd her saft han',
 "Oh Nelly!" he cried, "will ye no marry me?"

Sae far up the glen, thinkin' nae ane wad ken,
He stole a bit kiss. Sure nae sin it could be,
When nane heard but the sparrow,
The harmless wee sparrow,
The wily wee sparrow that cheep'd in the tree.

A blush an' a sigh was puir Nelly's reply ;
Sae bashfu' she scarce kend what answer to gie.
Sae, wi' heart beatin' fain, Geordie kissed her again,
An' she didna say " Na," but blush'd deeper awee.
Nane ken'd but the sparrow,
The waukrife wee sparrow,
The jealous wee sparrow that cheep'd in the tree.

'Mid vows an' caressin' ilk ither addressin',
They 'greed by neist Martinmas wedded to be ;
While the sparrow it twitter'd, an' wickedly mutter'd,
" They think that their secret a *secret* will be ;
But, mark me, a sparrow,
Ae harmless wee sparrow,
Their story will spread fast as sparrow can flee."

Sune, warn'd by daylight, the fond pair took their
flicht ;
An' Nelly, puir thing, wiped a tear frae her ee :
But scarce had the morn greeted Phœbus' return
Ere the sparrow had whisper'd the story to me.

Oh the tell-tale wee sparrow,
 The tattlin' wee sparrow,
 It's the pawkiest sparrow I ever did see.

Ye lovers sae true, my advice unto you,
 When ye meet wi' your joes in the shade o' a tree ;
 Be the tree e'er sae lane, be your hearts e'er sae fain,
 Aye watch lest a sparrow your transports should see.
 An' trust na the sparrow,
 The eaves-droppin' sparrow,
 Though the bonniest sparrow you ever did see.

Excuse my bit sang, if I've made it ower lang ;
 But, believe me, the story's as true as can be.
 If ye'd judge for yoursel, just ask Geordie or Nell,
 Or the bonnie wee sparrow that cheep'd in the tree.
 Noo ye ken like the sparrow,
 As weel as the sparrow,
 The chatterin' wee sparrow that tauld it to me.

MARGARET—A PEARL.

“ What's in a name ? ” the Bard exclaims,
 With cold ironic sneer,
 That waives associations claims
 In a' the heart hauds dear.

Oh had he dred the thrillin' stoun',
Gars a' my heart strings tirl,
At ae sweet name, a precious soun'—
Margaret—a pearl.

“ What's in a name ? let caitiffs jeer
Their cauldrife muses hairse.
Their cynic stabs I dinna fear,
Her name inspires my verse.
Come, beauty, love, an' purity,
Your snowy flag unfurl ;
Wi' gowden watchward blazon'd high ;—
Margaret—a pearl.

Oh gin I were a Bard, wi' skill
To teach the soundin' lyre
To breathe the burning words that fill
My heart wi' chaste desire !
Oh gin my pen, inspired, could trace
My heart's ilk throb an' dirl ;
'Twere hers to claim its highest praise,—
Margaret—my pearl.

Alas ! to me it's no been gi'en
Parnassian heights to scale,
The Muses perfumed breath to fling
Ower loves enchanted vale.

A simple heart—an honest love
 Is a' my penny-arle,
 As pledge, my life-lang truth to prove,
 Margaret—my pearl.

I offer her nae gilded ha's,
 Nor castled mansions high,
 Wi' wide domain, an scutcheon'd wa's
 Wi' feudal blazonry ;
 Nae coronet, nor title gay
 O' baronet or earl :
 I bring my heart, it's a' I hae,
 To Margaret—my pearl.

Thae whirligigs o' time an' fate
 Tak mony cranky capers.
 Oor brichtest hopes an' pleasures flit—
 Slin gossamery vapours.
 But ae thing steadfast will remain,
 'Mid life's tumultuous whirl;
 The love that marks thee aye my ain—
 My Margaret—my pearl.

Thus, courting bliss, I hope and wait
 (Love's waiting dreams, how sweet !)
 The joyous morn that crowns my fate
 Wi' happiness complete :

When smiling Hymen, proud and gay,
Wi' Love's last, brightest laurel,
Shall make the jewel mine for aye,—
My Margaret—My pearl.

SWEET JEANNIE BELL.

Roun' the-hill taps are creepin' the cauld mists o' e'enin',
An' red through the haze glows the big ruddy mune,
While far doon the wast ae wee starnie is leanin',
A bricht gouden gem in the azure abune.
Below me a wee prattlin' burnie is gleamin',
As laughin' an' joukin', it winds through the dell,
Where the weird lanely peewit is wheelin' an' screamin'
Aroun' the wee cot o' my sweet Jeannie Bell.

Oh weel may I min' the green-carpeted meadow,
Wi' bricht yellow clover an' daisies sae sweet;
While ilk star in the lift kissed it's ain twinklin'
shadow
In the saft-purlin' burnie that rowed at oor feet.
How fain the endearments—how fond the caressin'—
The heart may conceive o't, but tongue canna tell—
As I pressed to my bosom, wi' heart-plighting blessin'
My fairest, my dearest, my sweet Jeannie Bell.

The love-wingéd moments were silently wheeling
 The sun's glowin' chariot far roun' in the west,
 An' wide ower the lift the grey shadows were stealing,
 Worn Nature repos'd on the bosom of Rest,
 The saft-mantlin' faulds o' the gloamin' ower-screening
 (Ye powers! smile upon us, but break na the spell!),
 As happy in trustfu' devotion is leanin'
 On my warm throbbin' bosom my sweet Jeannie Bell.

She heard me sae kindly, yet coy and retiring,
 I felt the warm blush on her fair snawy broo,
 As, tentless, her charms a' my bosom enfiring,
 I press'd a fond kiss on her sweet rosy moo.
 A raptur'd embrace, a soft whisper, scarce spoken,
 (Ye blissfu' enchantments, oh never dispel!)
 In love's mystic ties, never mair to be broken,
 She's mine, an' for ever, my sweet Jeannie Bell.

MAGGIE WI' THE DARK-BLUE EEN.

Come wi' me, my winsome queen—
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een—
 Where the hazel's siller spray
 Tassels a' the sunny brae;
 Where the azure vi'let blinks
 'Mang the blushing meadow pinks,
 Come wi' me, my winsome queen—
 Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

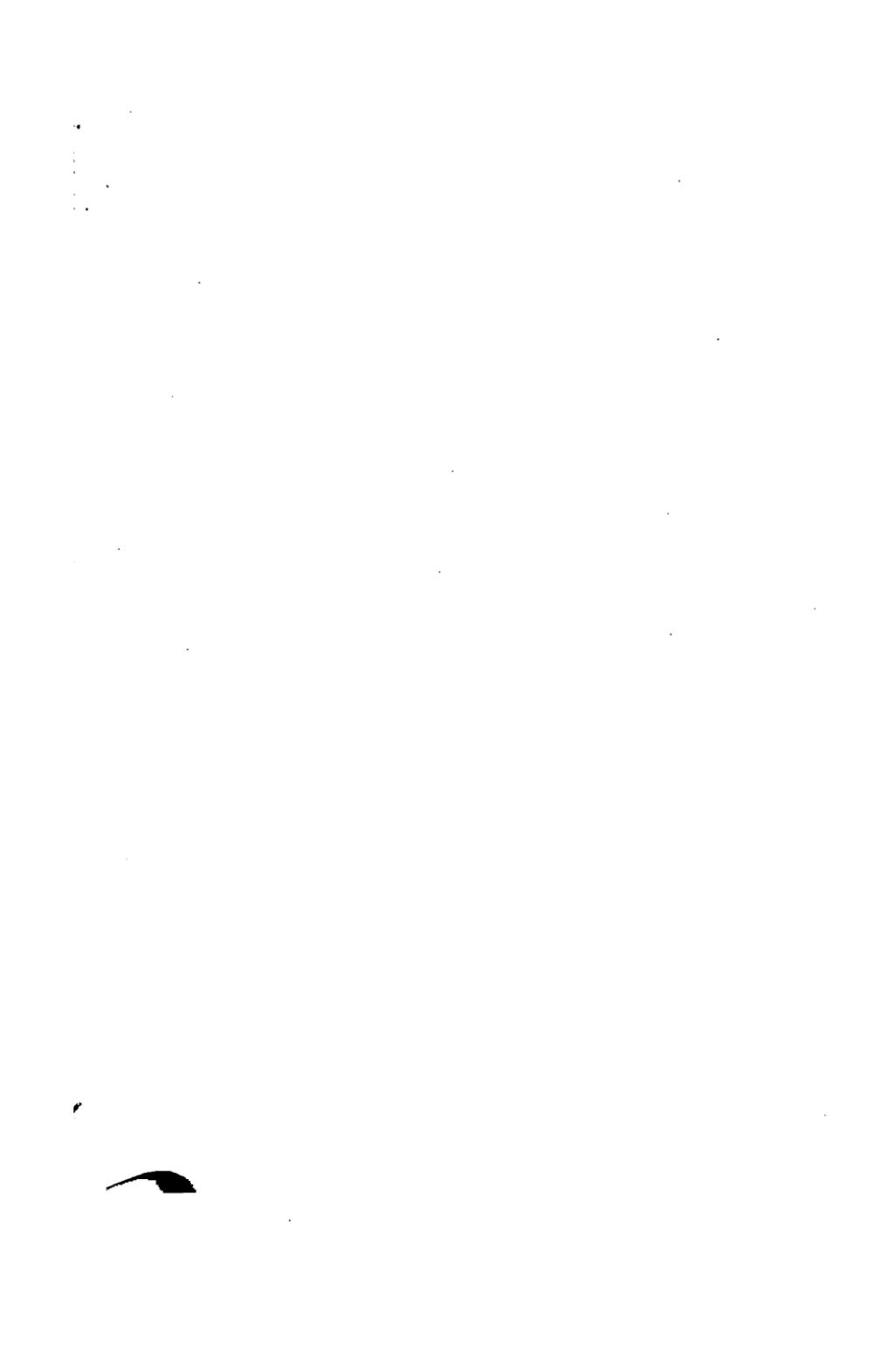
Saft the gloamin's dusky veil,
'Neath the moonbeams, pure an' pale,
Clasps within its dreamy fold
Mead and moorland, wood and wold.
While the dewy twilight hour
Haps the lover's trystin' bower,
Love enshrines the raptur'd scene,
Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

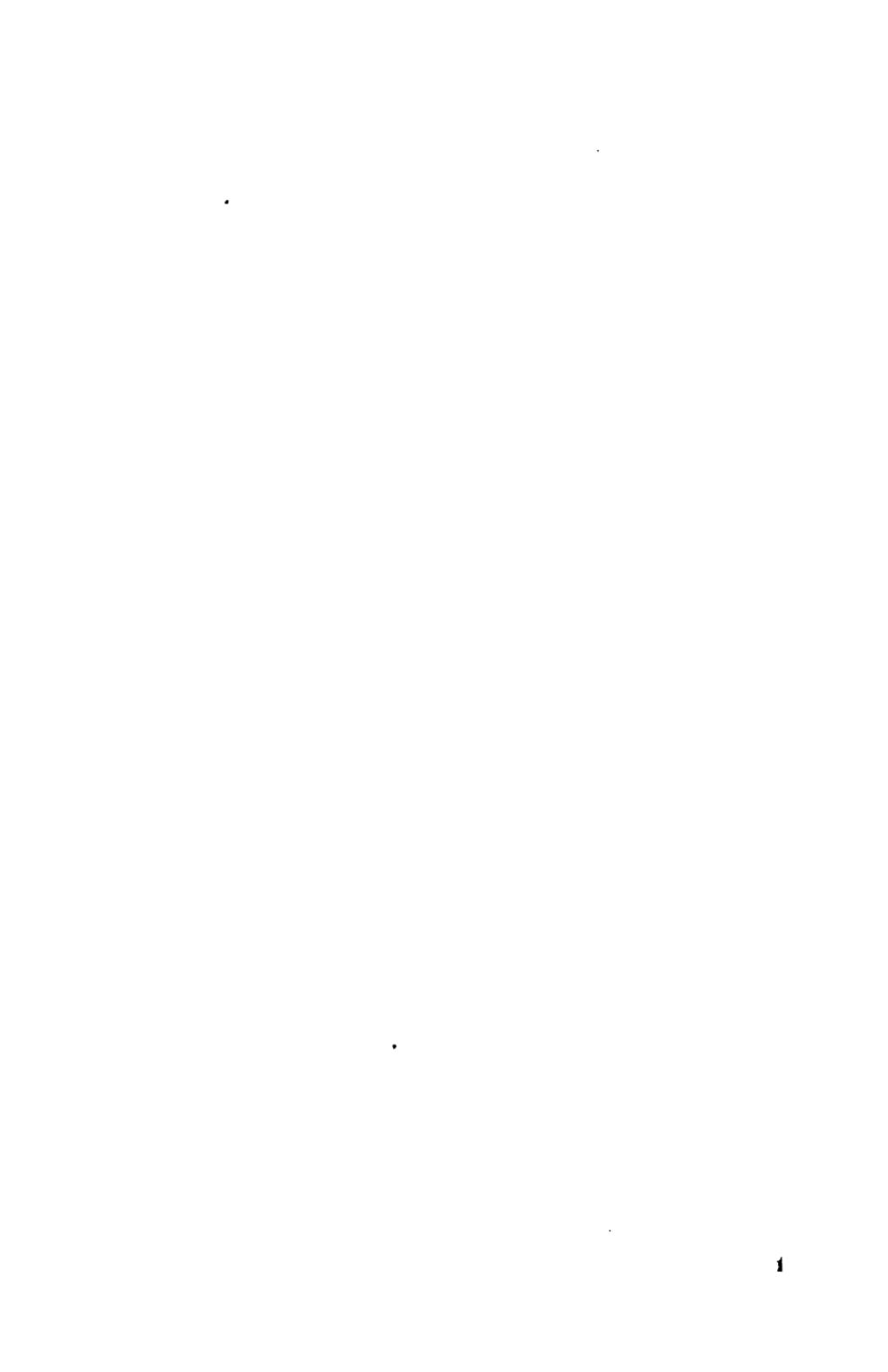
In the sombre woodland glade
Let us wander, dearest maid ;
While I bid my swelling heart
To a willing ear impart
All its wealth of sacred fire,
Trembling hope, an' chaste desire,—
Mirror'd in thy heart, I ween,
Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

Sweeter nought can mortals prize—
Mutual love's celestial ties ;
When pure kindred souls bestow
Heart for heart's ecstatic glow ;
To a melting bosom prest,
Each in each supremely blest.
Angels smile an' bless the scene,—
Maggie wi' the dark-blue een.

While the dewy e'enin' flings
Ower the glen his starréd wings ;
While the scented breezes play
Lichtly through the broomy brae ;
While the moonbeam's silvery glow
Paints the glistening vales below ;
While the wistfu' e'enin' star
Smiles upon our loves afar ;
Come wi' me, my winsome queen—
Maggie with the dark-blue een.









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